

THE ILLUSTRATED
SPORTING & DRAMATIC
NEWS

No. 277.—VOL. XI.

SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1879.

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TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

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YORK RACES.—GREAT NORTHERN HANDICAP DAY.

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On TUESDAY, 20th May, a Cheap Fast Excursion to YORK (by the Quickest and Direct route), will run as under:—Manchester (London-road), dep. 8.15 a.m.; Ardwick, 8.20; Guide Bridge, 8.35; Oldham (Clegg-street), 7.30; Park Bridge, 7.34; Ashton (Oldham-road, 7.38; Stalybridge, 8.20; Ashton (Park Parade), 8.24; Dukinfield, 8.27; Stockport (Tiviot Dale), 7.30; Newton (for Hyde), 8.41; Mottram, 8.49; Dinting (for Glossop), 8.51; Penistone, 9.25 a.m. The Special Train will leave York in returning at 6.10 p.m. the same day, and arrive at and depart from the Excursion Platforms, Holgate Bridge, near to the racecourse.

On TUESDAY, May 20, a Cheap Fast Excursion to YORK (by the Quickest and Direct Route), will run as under:—Sheffield (Vic. Station) dep. 9.15 a.m.; Attercliffe, 9.20; Broughton Lane, 9.24; Rotherham (Central), 9.35; Park Gate, 9.38; Aldwarke, 9.41; Kilnhurst, 9.45; Swinton (M. S. & L.), 9.50; Mexbro', 9.55 a.m. The Special Train will leave YORK in returning at 6.20 p.m. the same day, and arrive at and depart from the Excursion Platforms, Holgate Bridge, near to the racecourse.

Tickets, bills, and every information can be had at the Stations and usual Agents.

R. G. UNDERDOWN, General Manager.

London Road Station, Manchester, April, 1879.

HORSE SHOW, AGRICULTURAL HALL,

Islington. ARABS.—AN EXTRA PRIZE.—A PIECE OF PLATE, value Ten Guineas, will be awarded in a class for Arabs, with Agricultural Hall Medals for Commended Horses.

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BRITAIN (instituted in 1738), for the Maintenance of Aged and Indigent Musicians, their Widows and Orphans, 12, Lisle-street, Leicester-square. Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1789.

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The ANNUAL PERFORMANCE of Handel's Oratorio, the MESSIAH, will take place on MONDAY AFTERNOON, May 19, at half-past two, at ST. JAMES'S HALL. Conductor, Mr. W. G. Cusins. Principal violin, Mr. J. T. Willy. Organist, Mr. E. J. Hopkins. Trumpet, Mr. T. Harper. Subscribers of one guinea are entitled to two tickets. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; tickets, 5s. and 2s. 6d., at the usual Agents', and Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.—By order,

STANLEY LUCAS, Secretary.

MR. AMBROSE AUSTIN'S ANNUAL CON-

CERT, ST. JAMES'S HALL, MONDAY, May 26, at eight o'clock. Artists: Mdlle. Schou (of the Royal Italian Opera), Miss Georgina Burns (of Mr. Carl Rosa's Opera Company), Madame Patey, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Maybrick, Signor Graziani, Violin, Senor Sansato; pianoforte, Madame Annette Essipoff. 100 members of Mr. Henry Leslie's choir, conducted by Mr. Henry Leslie. Conductors: Sir Julius Benedict, Mr. Ganz, Mr. Sidney Naylor, and Mr. Kuhe. Tickets, 10s. 6d., 5s., 3s., 2s., and 1s., at Austin's, St. James's Hall, and usual Agents'.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.—PERFORMANCE OF

THE NEVILLE DRAMATIC SCHOOL STUDENTS at 7, on Thursday, May 22nd, WHO'S TO WIN HIM? and MONEY. Patrons: H. Irving, Esq., J. R. Planche, Esq., J. Hollingshead, Esq., H. Neville, Esq., and E. Sothorn, Esq. Prices, 1s. to 5s. Director, Geo. Neville.

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Regent's Park, are OPEN Daily (except Sundays) from 9.0 a.m. to Sunset. Admission 1s.; on Monday, 6d.; children always 6d. Amongst the most recent additions are a Yak, presented by the Hon. Sir Ashley Eden, K.C.S.I., Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, and a Japanese Goat Antelope, presented by H. Pryer, Esq., C.M.Z.S. The Band of the Royal Ho se Guards, under the direction of Mr. Charles Godfrey, will, by permission of Lieut.-Col. Owen L. C. Williams, perform in the Gardens on Saturday, May 31st, at 4 o'clock, and on every succeeding Saturday at the same hour, until the last Saturday in September.

NEW AND STARTLING ILLUSION AT

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TWENTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PICTURES, the contributions of artists of the Continental Schools, including Corrodi's 27 Views of Cyprus, is NOW OPEN. Admission 1s.

MR. BARRY SULLIVAN'S Annual Tour of

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THE LATE MR. PHELPS, as "DR.

CANTWELL," drawn from life by Matt. Stretch. A few proof copies on plate paper may be had, price One Shilling each, by post 1s. 1d. Apply to the Publisher, 248, Strand, London.

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CHURCH FESTIVALS.—Mr. STEDMAN is prepared to make engagements with Choirmen and Choristers, and to conduct all necessary arrangements connected with Church Festivals, either in London or the country. Solo Choir Boys can always be supplied at short notice.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Original Pictures, Drawings & Sketches,

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THEATRES

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

THE CRISIS.

Requests having been made for the revival of this very successful play, it will be reproduced this (Saturday) evening. Miss Eastlake (having recovered from her serious indisposition), Miss Louise Moodie, and Mrs. John Wood. Messrs. Howe, Terriss, Kelley, and Fisher, jun., will reappear in their original parts. Box Office open 10 to 5.

LYCEUM.—LADY OF LYONS.—MR. IRVING

respectfully announces that in response to the expressions of enthusiasm and delight with which the public has received the representations of THE LADY OF LYONS at the Lyceum Theatre, it will be repeated at 8.15 every evening (excepting Wednesdays), when HAMLET will be performed.—LYCEUM.

HAMLET.—MORNING PERFORMANCES.—

In accordance with the wishes of a large section of the public, Mr. Irving has much pleasure in announcing a Series of Morning Performances of HAMLET, this and every Saturday morning during MAY, commencing at 2 o'clock. Seats for the Special Performances may now be booked. Hamlet, Mr. Irving; Ophelia, Miss Ellen Terry.—LYCEUM.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. B.

WEBSTER. Sole Lessees and Managers, Messrs. A. and S. GATTI.—THE HUNCHBACK, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday next; Julia, Miss Neilson. THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday next; Lady Teazle, Miss Neilson; Miss Bella Pateman, Mrs. Alfred Mellon, Miss Clara Jecks, and Miss Lydia Foote; Messrs. Hermann Vezin, F. H. Celli, Flockton, Edward Compton, Horace Wigan, R. Pateman, E. J. George, F. Charles, R. Markby, H. Cooper Waring, J. P. Bernard, and Henry Neville.—Doors open at 6.30, commence at 7. Box-office open 10 to 5.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE.

Mr. HARE, Lessee and Manager.

Every Evening, at 7.45, COUSIN DICK. Mesdames Kate Pattison, C. Graham, M. Wenman. Punctually at 8.15, THE LADIES' BATTLE. Mrs. Kendal, Miss C. Grahame, Mr. Kendal, Mr. Herbert, Mr. Chevalier, and Mr. Hare. Concluding with UNCLE'S WILL. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal. Doors open at 7.15. Box-office hours 11 to 5. Acting Manager—Mr. Huy.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—Every

Evening at 7.30, ONCE AGAIN; S, an original modern Comedy in three acts, entitled THE GIRLS, by Henry J. Byron. Concluding with A HIGHLAND FLING. Supported by Messrs. William Faren, Thomas Thorne, Garthorne, Bradbury, Austin, L. Fredericks, Hargreaves, and David James; Mesdames Illington, Bishop, Holme, Richards, Larkin, &c. N.B.—Morning Performance, (THIS DAY), SATURDAY, and Saturday Next, 24th inst. Acting-Manager, Mr. D. McKay.

OPERA COMIQUE.

H.M.S. PINAFORE.—Every evening, this successful nautical opera, by W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan, by the original artists: Messrs. G. Grossmith, R. Barrington, R. Temple, Clifton, and G. Power; Mesdames Alice Burville, Everard, and Jessie Bond, at 8.30. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Cellier. Preceded, at 7.45, by CUPS and SAUCERS, Mr. G. Grossmith, and followed by the new Vaudeville, AFTER ALL, by F. Desprez, music by A. Cellier. Morning Performance every Saturday at 2.30.—R. D'Oyly Carte, Manager.

CRITERION THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. CHARLES WYNNDHAM.

Every Evening at 9, the enormously successful comedy, TRUTH, by Bronson Howard, in which Mr. Charles Wyndham will appear, supported by Messrs. H. Standing, Carton, and W. J. Hill; Mesdames L. Vinning, M. Rorke, A. Della, E. Vining, R. Egan, N. Phillips, and Mrs. Stephens. Preceded at 7.30 by MEG'S DIVERSION, by H. T. Craven. Supported by Messrs. Carton, Francis, Tritton, White, and Geo. Giddens; Mesdames Hewitt, Edgeworth, and M. Rorke. New scenery by Ryan. Musical Director, Mr. E. Solomon. Box-office open from 10 till 5. No booking fees. Doors open at 7, commence at 7.30. The next production will be a farcical comedy in 3 acts, by Henry J. Byron, entitled, THE WICKED MAJOR.—Acting Manager and Treasurer, Mr. H. J. Hitchins.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—

MARRIED NOT MATED. For Twelve Nights only, the New comedy drama in four Acts at 8.30. Misses Marion Terry, Sophie Young, and the celebrated Beatrice Company. Box Office hours 11 to 5. No booking Fees. Doors open at 7.15.

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Lessee and Manager, Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD. First nights of a New Comedy, by Burnand, called BOULOGNE, at 7.30, and of New Burlesque, by Byron, at 9.30, called PRETTY EMERALDA. Whole Gaiety Company, in two pieces. Open 7, begin 7.15, with Operetta; close 11. Prices from 6d. No Fees. Afternoon performances every Saturday.

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NEW BABYLON, by Paul Meritt. Everyone should see Tattersall's, Cremorne, Goodwood, and the Collision at Sea. Miss Caroline Hill and double Company. Magnificent scenery by Thomas Rogers. Acting Manager, Mr. J. W. Currans.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.—VENICE.—

Grand Operatic Extravaganza, at 8.20. Music by Offenbach, G. Jacobi, &c. Artists: Mdlles. Zimeri, Emma Chambers, Th. de Gillert, and Constance Loseby; Messrs. Herbert Campbell, L. Kelleher, A. Collini, R. Wingrove, G. Conquest, Jun., C. Power, Arthur Williams, and George Conquest. Mdlles. Malvini Cavallazzi, Gillert, Rosa, Mons. Josset, and the Alhambra Corps de Ballet will appear in LA FETE DES GONDIERS and the Ballet d'action et Lyrique CARNAVAL A VENICE. Preceded by a farce at 7.45 every evening.

CANTERBURY THEATRE OF VARIETIES.—

Under Royal Patronage.—VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT at 8. PAT'S PARADISE at 9. An entirely new Hibernian Sketch, in which Miss Nelly Power will appear, supported by Mdlles. Ada, Broughton, Powell, and the Corps de Ballet.—Prices 6d. to £2 2s.

CANTERBURY.—MARQUEZ DE GONZA

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Proprietor, Mr. T. G. CLARK.

On Monday and during the week, the highly successful drama by Mr. T. Mead, MATHILDE. Messrs. James, Shepherd, Sennett, Syns, Monkhouse, Parker, &c. Mesdames Verner, Thomas, Inch, &c. Conclude with KING GEORGE'S SHILLING. Messrs. James, Vincent, and Company; Mesdames Verner, Victor, Deauvil, &c. Dancing in the grounds on the illuminated platform.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,

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Proprietors and Managers, Messrs. JOHN and RICHARD DOUGLASS. For Six Nights Only, at 7.15, the highly successful drama, UNDER TWO REGNS, by W. Percival and James Welling. Mesdames Page, Nevill, Rayner, Brunton. Messrs. Alfred Rayner, Percival, Gardiner, Walton, Chamberlain, Isaacson, Heard, &c. The Prologue, The Commonwealth. The Drama, the Restoration. Conclude with THE POOR ENGINEER. Monday May 26th. For six nights only, JANE SHORE, Miss Heath, supported by Mr. W. Rignold, Carden, Cathcart, Leigh, Edwards, &c.

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Every Evening at a quarter to seven (Wednesday excepted) THE SCARLET FLOWER. Messrs. J. B. Howe, Newbound, Drayton, Lewis, Pitt; Mdlles. Adams, Bellair, Pettifer, Newham. Incidentals—Mrs. and Miss Brian, Karl Lind, and Bessie Bonehill. Concluding with THE LIFE OF A WEAVER. Messrs. Reynolds, Charlton, Evans, Bigwood, Towers, Reeve, Payne, Mills. Mdlles. Brewer, Rayner. WEDNESDAY, Benefit of Mr. G. B. Bigwood. LADY ANNE'S WELL and DOWNFALL OF PRIDE.

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Glees, Choruses, Madrigals and Part Songs by EVANS'S CHOIR Conducted by Mr. F. JONGHMANS.

The body of the Hall is reserved exclusively for Gentlemen. SUPPERS AFTER THE THEATRES.

ADMISSION 2s.

Proprietor J. B. AMOR

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The first-page portrait in next week's issue will be—

MIDDLE. MARIE VANZANDT, of H.M.'s Opera.

* * In the descriptive line under Chapter III. of our serial story on page 214, for "Robert" read "William, Ende."

ROYAL AQUARIUM, WESTMINSTER.

Open from 11 a.m. till 11 p.m.

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BLONDIN 5.30 and 10.30. Last week.

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Mdlle. Valerie and Mons. Attila. New Cannon Feat.

Admission One Shilling.

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BRIGHTON GRAND AQUARIUM. Now

on View, a fine PORPOISE. The only living specimen in captivity. Sea Lions, with young one. Alligators and Crocodiles in their new cavern. Living Birds, and by far the largest collection of fishes in the world. New Terrace Garden and Promenade, the most elegant in the Kingdom. G. REEVES SMITH, General Manager.

HAMILTON'S AMPHITHEATRE, HOLBORN.—

Last three weeks, closing Saturday, June 7. ZULU AND AFGHAN WARS, Magnificent and authentic representation of the Battle of Isandula, Cetewayo, the Zulu King. Military Kraals. War dance, by Zulu Warriors. Just added, a life like representation of the noble Defence of Rorke's Drift. Capture of the fort of Ali Musjid. Powerful and talented company. Full band. New programme by the O I C M Minstrels. Nightly at 8. Mondays and Saturdays at 3 and 8.

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Is the most delicate, digestible, cheapest Vanilla Chocolate, and may be taken when richer chocolate is prohibited.

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THE ILLUSTRATED

Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1879.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

I AM told that the Derby is to be won by Zut, and my informant laughs to scorn the humble suggestion that this horse can hardly go fast enough and long enough to beat Falmouth and Cadogan, whatever he may do with some of the other favourites. Such trifling objections as these my friend refuses to entertain for a moment. His arguments are based upon a higher law—the doctrine of averages. There are, he points out—and there is no denying it—a considerable number of horses in training with monosyllabic names, though, except Quits, which wins most of the hunters' flat races, and Peace, which ran second to Peter for the Rous Memorial and started second favourite for the Dewhurst Plate, won by Wheel of For-

tune, there are not many prominent horses so named. Still there are a great many, and my friend points out that none of them has won the Derby for over fifty years, since S. Chifney rode Mr. Thornhill's Sam to victory in 1818. It is, consequently, my friend maintains, quite time for a horse with a monosyllabic name to win the Derby once more. He proposes, therefore, to lay out money to a considerable amount as near 50 to 1 as he can get it on. I point out to him that Zut may not win this year, and that a few years hence there may be a succession of victories by horses with contracted titles, when the average will, of course, be balanced; and he is a trifle staggered to find that in the eleven years from 1808 to 1818 a monosyllable was thrice recorded as the winner's name—Pan, Pope, and Sam. "I shall back Zut," is, however, his only reply; and I relate the incident to show by what strange reasons backers are sometimes influenced. Nevertheless, it may be parenthetically observed, though Zut has never got nearer to winning than a dead-heat with Lancastrian, he is a sound, honest horse, which can hardly be said of all that figure before him in the quotations.

LORD ROSEBERY's story of the American statesman and the newspapers is quite good enough to bear quotation. This dignity was once in conversation with a few friends as to what course ought to be adopted with regard to misrepresentation in the press, and a man said to him, "The obvious course is not to contradict, not to take notice of what is said of you in the papers. People will find you out in time if you do not contradict these things." "Well," said the American statesman, heaving a deep sigh, "that was the course I once pursued. I entered on public life with a resolution that whatever the press might say of me, I would take no notice of it. For years and years I persevered, till at last my friends came to me and said, 'There is an accusation in one paper of such an utterly villainous kind that you owe it to yourself, and to your supporters, to contradict it.' The statesman felt that in this case an exception must be made. He contradicted the report, as he informed the friend to whom he was recounting his experiences. 'Well,' said the friend, 'and what did they (the papers) do?' 'Why,' the statesman answered, 'they went and proved it, the villains!'"

WITH reference to the instantaneous photographs, showing the action of the trotting horse at full speed, which were published last week, it seems to me that the writer of the notice omitted a rather interesting point. Twelve separate photographs were given, each having been taken, as I understand, at a different moment—or fraction of a moment, for the period occupied in each case is said to be no more than the 2,000th part of a second. What principally strikes me is that, though the photographs were taken separately, some are exactly, or almost exactly, counterparts of others. Between Nos. 1 and 6 there is very little difference; Nos. 2, 7, and 12 very closely resemble each other, though in the former one fore leg is doubled up to a greater extent than in the other two. Nos. 3 and 8 are almost exactly similar. The difference between Nos. 5 and 10 is very slight; and Nos. 6 and 11 bear, to say the least of it, a striking resemblance to each other. A close comparison will show several other interesting similarities. The subject is very far indeed from being exhausted, and there will probably be many occasions for returning to it.

DR. CARVER has communicated his impressions of England to one of the journals in his native land—the *Chicago Field*—and it is satisfactory to find that he is pleased with the old country, for the old country on its side is certainly pleased with him. "All I can say for the English people is, that after you once understand them they are the best people in the world," Dr. Carver is good enough to write. It seems to strike him as strange that at pigeon-shooting matches there should be an absence of wrangling. "It is really a pleasure," he says, "to watch their shooting, no challenging of guns or loads, no angry disputes. Everything works in harmony, for each gentleman seems to consider his honour at stake not to take any unfair advantage." The idea of an angry dispute at Hurlingham will appear absurdly out of the question to readers in this country. One little incident which happened to Dr. Carver, however, was scarcely gratifying. The Doctor was standing outside his hotel in Liverpool, and this is his little anecdote: "I had forgotten that I was a sort of an attraction myself, and therefore as much a curiosity to this English community as they to me, my long hair and big hat contrasting strangely with the 'upper rigging' of the multitude gathering around me. I saw a perfect beauty, sailing up the street, mouth and eyes wide open as she gazed with apparent astonishment at the tall stranger. As she neared me, her foot slipped and she fell. I stooped down and picked her up. The crowd pressed in upon me as I raised the fair one to her feet, but in an instant she had disappeared. Recovering from my confusion, I was impressed with the idea that a strange hand had been thrust into my pocket. Upon investigation, I discovered that my pocket-book had flown, and with it nearly one hundred dollars! Thus I was duped by their seemingly uncultured look and innocent ways, only to realise that human nature was much the same the world over."

HOWEVER sorry people may be for poor Mr. Whistler's pecuniary misfortunes, his bankruptcy will increase the respect felt by artists for the critical acumen of the public in general. We have the advantage of knowing with what startling rapidity Mr. Whistler could turn out—paint, hang up to dry, and frame—his Symphonies in Sap Green, Minuets in Madder, Lancers in Lake, Schottisches in Scarlet, Bravuras in Brown, and—I like the idea, though it lacks alliterative finish—Polka-Mazurkas in Tartan Plaid. Mr. Whistler could "knock off" one of these efforts of genius, which some of his professed admirers are supposed to value at £200 each, in a day. Now, allowing Mr. Whistler a couple of months' holiday, supposing that he did not work on Sundays, and disposing of one day in a week to enable him to see how the symphonies that he had hung up to dry were getting on, it is clear that Mr. Whistler might make somewhere about £45,000 a year, if—the "if"

is the rub!—when he had polished off a "picture" some more or less sane person could be found to buy it. This appears to be the difficulty, however, and instead of making this comfortable income, poor Mr. Whistler has "gone" for the amount quoted above with the last figure omitted. I wonder what Mr. Whistler's creditors think of the caricature of Miss Gilchrist in the Grosvenor?

A SALE of thoroughbred horses, at which the owner of Parole, Mr. Pierre Lorillard, was a buyer, lately took place in Tennessee, and if the prices fetched were the average for good animals, thoroughbred stock is certainly cheap over the water. Before the work of the day, "barbecued mutton and pig, with bread and butter and buttermilk, were heartily enjoyed;" and then the business began. Mr. Lorillard took Bliss, a brown filly, by Bonny Scotland, for 425, and Barrett, a bay colt, by the same sire, for 825. Other lots fetched 600, 300, 425, 330, 315, 200, 120, 305, 260, and the highest bid was for Banter, a bay colt, by Bonnie Scotland again, for which 2,100 was given. But it is to be noticed that the figures represent dollars and not pounds. The list of prices can hardly average more in dollars than at a first-rate sale in this country the lots fetch in pounds. When the Americans have won five or six Derbys, a few Legers, and swept the board of the Ascot and Goodwood Cups, the price of thoroughbred stock in America will probably rise.

ACCORDING to *Turf, Field, and Farm*, an American sporting paper, we have not taken Parole's victories at all kindly. We explained away his win in the Newmarket Handicap, but the City and Suburban was a staggerer. "The seventeen other starters were not to be caught napping and went for him with a determination to lay him out effectually, but he floored them all, with three lengths to spare at the finish. This was a stunner to Cousin John; it took his breath away, and he scarcely recovered in time to utter his constitutional growls and frame his customary excuses before Parole achieved his third victory in the Great Metropolitan Handicap. And now owners of race-horses have a fresh excuse, and this is it "(readers will recognise in a moment the acuteness with which the writer hits off the usual dialect of English owners)": 'H'ts heasily haccounted for, you know; 'e's a h'English 'oss, leastwise 'e's got h'English blood h'in 'im. 'Is sire is h'our Leaming-ington, and 'is grandam h'is a daughter h'off h'our Glencoe!—so what's the hodds?'" This, it need hardly be said, is (from an American point of view) just the manner in which Messrs. Bowes, Lowther, Crawford, Lords Hartington, Falmouth, Wilton, the Dukes of Beaufort and Westminster are accustomed to express themselves.

How many players with wonderful luck go the way of poor Garcia, who was at one time the terror of croupiers, and broke the banks at Homburg, Baden, Monte Carlo, and every place where the red and black are turned up and the roulette ball set merrily rolling! At one time Garcia must have possessed an enormous sum of money, even allowing for the exaggerations which usually go to prove that a lucky man is a millionaire, and multiply winnings by from five to fifty. But Garcia had a run of ill-luck—a long run that would not be diverted. Fortune had given him his luck in a lump, and would smile no more upon him. To make short a long story, Garcia has just died in Paris. He had for some time past been living on a small allowance made him by his friends—dreaming of how he would repeat his old *coups* when he could get together a sum sufficient to try a new and—of course—an altogether infallible system.

I DO not remember, by the way, ever seeing in print the story of a famous dispute between two American editors. Across the Atlantic opinions are very freely expressed, and the controversialists are by no means careful to avoid personalities in the course of their little disagreements. It occurred to one of these editors that a reference to his adversary's early life would prove telling, and he launched it off accordingly. "As for our contemporary," he wrote, "what can be expected from a man who, five years ago, was peddling around with a mule, and an ill-conditioned beast at that?" His rival did not deny it. "Our contemporary," he wrote in his next number, "says that five years ago we were peddling around with a mule, and an ill-conditioned beast at that. He is quite right. We were so occupied. But we are surprised to find that the mule has such a good memory!"

RAPIER.

THE COACHING CLUB.

As yet the trembling year is unconfirmed,
And Winter off at eve resumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets
Deform the day delishtless.

PAINFULLY alive to the foregoing views of Thomson, who, in his "Ode to Spring," was yet constrained to admit that it was not always a season of ethereal mildness, I drew my "auld cloak" round me as I journeyed towards Hyde Park, in order to be present on the occasion of the first meeting of the Coaching Club, which was fixed for Wednesday last, at the accustomed trysting place, the Magazine, on the banks of the somewhat muddy-seeming and treacherous pool, known as the Serpentine. A dull heavy morning was this; frequent and heavy storms of rain and hail, culminating in a terrific downpour, with an accompaniment of thunder and lightning, effectually spoilt the pleasure of the day's proceedings, and turned that which is usually a gala day, into a miserable *fiasco*. Instead of throngs of gaily-dressed ladies hastening towards the appointed place of meeting, a limited number of winter-clad, fur-bedecked females, whose charms were hidden beneath waterproofs and ulsters, were to be seen plashing along the oozy footpaths; whilst those who appeared in carriages were muffled up as though they were going to face a Siberian winter, and the fair damsels who were mounted on their steeds wended their way through the mud and dirt, looking as if they had been riding across a heavy country at the tail of a pack of fox-hounds. This was the state of things when I reached the Magazine, where I found only two coaches in position, the occupants being closely muffled up, so that scarce a glimpse of the fair faces or a glint from the sparkling eyes of the hooded beauties could be discerned. In fact, it was as dismal a look-out as could well be imagined for the opening day of a

meeting which usually attracts so many lookers-on. By degrees the nineteen members, who were bold enough to face the ruffian blasts of the most deplorable of May days, appeared on the scene, and in due course were formed into line, and at the signal to move on, started in the following order:—First, the noble vice-President of the Coaching Club, Lord Carington, driving his four bloodlike, quick-stepping nags in his accustomed form; his well-appointed blue and red coach, by Peters, being thoroughly up to the mark. Next followed Colonel Ferguson, tooling his blue and yellow coach, one of Holland's make, steadily along; succeeded by Captain Foster on a similar drag as regards make and colour. Then came Mr. Deichmann, with his well-appointed coach of Holland's build, and like colour as the two preceding, handling in quiet fashion the four first-class compact and handsome coach-horses which trotted along in excellent style. Then appeared Sir F. Peyton handling his four well-matched greys in a style worthy of his time-honoured name, as a member of the Coaching world, recalling old days, during which the veteran whip, Sir Henry, was to be seen when coaching was at its lowest point, still true to his colours, though the times were sadly out of joint, owing to the introduction of the steam engine as a motive power, followed by Sir Clifford Constable in his lake and red coach, by Peters; Mr. F. C. Banbury in his neat brown and yellow drag, by Holland; and the Honourable G. Paulet in his blue and red, also by the same well-known maker, a very neat, or I may say more properly, handsome turn out; closely followed by Mr. W. E. Oakeley, Mr. Walter Long, and Mr. Henry Brassey, who, as usual, exhibited a stylish and well appointed coach, and a useful and handsome team. These were succeeded by Colonel Thursby and the Earl of Onslow, both having Hollands' coaches, colours blue and red, in my opinion the neatest combination for this class of vehicle. Major Stapylton, in a green and red by the well-known clever builders, "Barkers." Sir Henry Meysey-Thompson, with a blue and red by Holland, and an excellent team; and Sir Henry Tufton, whose well-appointed turn-out, and very first-class team of handsome horses, invariably attract a large share of attention on such occasions; Lord Charles Beresford, Mr. H. J. Trotter, and Mr. Carter Wood, with his team of clever-looking roans, making up the number of good men and true who were not to be deterred from joining in the exhibition by a trifle of bad weather.

Consequent partly upon the disastrous state of the weather, the attendance was reduced to this low ebb. In vain we watched for the advent of His Grace the Duke of Beaufort, the president of the Coaching Club, and the staunch supporter of the art of whipcraft. Many were the regrets expressed at his absence from the gathering, as well as that of his son, that first-rate coachman, Lord Arthur Somerset. Not a scion of this noble family put in an appearance; not even that good workman, Colonel Arthur P. Somerset, whose clipping team of chestnuts always attracts the greatest amount of attention, and whose mode of handling four horses is a treat to behold. Wanting on this occasion also, was Mr. Arthur Byass, whose topping team of handsome chestnuts is usually to the fore; Captain Whitmore, whose beautifully-matched and clever-stepping greys invariably command the admiration of the bystanders and judges of coachmanship; Mr. Murieta, with his handsome, carefully-selected lot, and sundry other well-known artists, who, in the teeth of such a discouraging condition of the elements, did not care to join in the meeting. Some of the members of the Coaching Club no doubt were pursuing the duties of their calling by attending to the comfort of the, as yet limited, number of passengers, for whose accommodation the various stage coaches start daily on their different journeys; but the falling-off of artists on the bench, idle spectators, curious critics, admirers of the horse, and saunterers about town, resulted from the unsprinkling policy of the clerk of the weather, instigated by a Tory Government (at least, so it is believed by a certain class of old women), who, having successfully baffled the enemies of their country, are now stirring up an elemental strife, as a means of distracting attention from more serious matters. It is an Englishman's privilege to grumble, and even if it was not, an excuse might be offered at the present crisis of the season. After seven months of severe, even savage, weather, we seem as far from sunshine as ever, our belief in the traditional glories of springtide is utterly destroyed, and fear of the gloomy predictions that such a state of things will continue until Midsummer, terrifies even strong men. But how about the trade of London? What is to become of milliners, mantua makers, tailors (the hatters must be having a good time of it), drapers, and all the various businesses that depend upon fashion? How can the fair one exhibit her perfections at a cricket match, play at lawn-tennis, attend a garden party, pose herself gracefully in a croquet encounter, watch the exertions of her many admirers in a struggle for superiority in a polo match, or visit those pleasant places, those rural retreats, the Orleans Club, Hurlingham, or its rival, the Ranelagh, in such tempestuous times as these! Fancy seeing the object of your adoration walking on the verdant lawns at these delightful places! It absolutely makes one shiver at the idea of possible cough or cold in the head (colds have an unbecoming effect on noses, be it remarked) and other ills that flesh is heir to. Ah! it is a bad time indeed for the young beauty who has made her *debut* in the fashionable world, a miserable disappointment, for the time has arrived which should find her—

Flushed by the spirit of the genial year,
Whilst from her virgin cheeks, a fresher bloom
Shoots, less and less the live carnation round;
Her lips blush deeper sweets, she breathes of youth;
The shining moisture swells into her eyes
In brighter flow; her wishing bosom heaves
With palpitations wild, and all her yielding soul is love.

—but not in such weather as this.

May 15, 1879.

FRED. FIELD WHITEHURST.

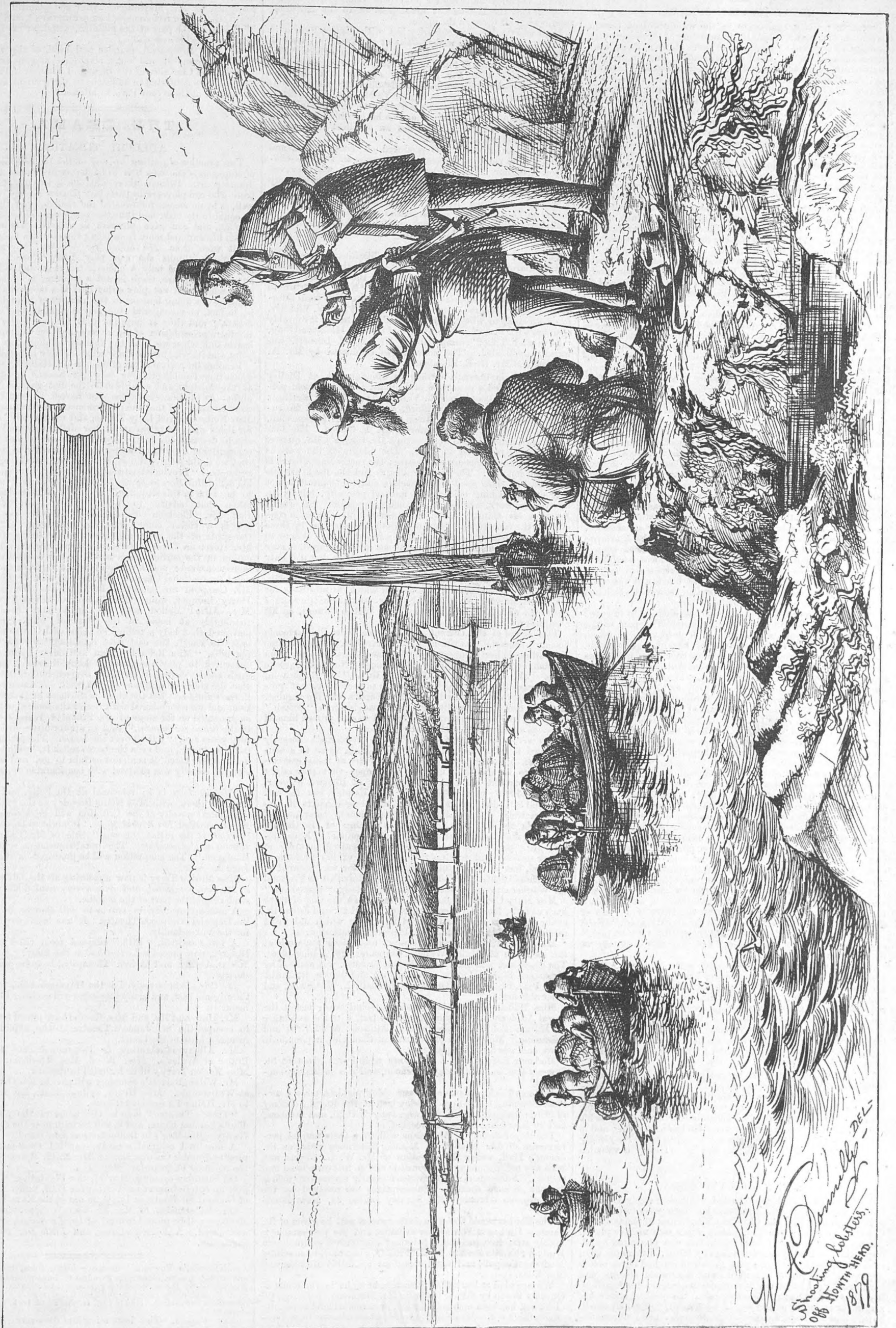
MR. HOWARD PAUL has returned to London from a tour in Algeria and Southern Europe, where he has been giving his well-known entertainment.

THE NEW ZEALAND AGRICULTURAL COMPANY, LIMITED.—A further issue of shares in this company is offered on advantageous terms, and fresh confirmation as to value of the properties is put before the public on unquestionable authority, the Hon. M. H. Reynolds, the Hon. Robert Campbell, and Mr. Stode having carefully inspected and reported on the estates which have been acquired. These gentlemen, moreover, contradict the stories which have been invented with regard to the devastation caused by rabbits. Opponents of the company have tried to persuade the public that the rabbits were almost sufficiently numerous and troublesome to devour not only the vegetation in general, but the directors, shareholders, and settlers themselves. During five days' inspection Mr. Campbell saw nearly a dozen, while Messrs. Reynolds and Stode could only discover seven. The object of the Company is to acquire land in large blocks, and by the system known in the colonies as "cutting up" to sell it in suitable plots for agricultural and building purposes, each portion so sold and occupied adding to the value of that remaining in the hands of the Company as the resources of the district are developed. It may be added that £398,665 has been paid-up, £544,660 having been subscribed towards the nominal capital of £1,000,000.



FRY FISHING ON THE LIFFEY.

Libby
Two fishing in the
off the Liffey
22nd
1879



"SHOOTING" LOBSTERS.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

INCESSANT activity appears to be the watchword at Covent Garden, and operas are added to the repertory of the season with a celerity which would be impossible were there not two conductors engaged in the work of preparation, and an army of vocalists sufficient for three ordinary opera companies. Hasty and inconsiderate remarks are sometimes made in reference to this fact, and it has been insinuated, if not openly stated, that the works produced at the Royal Italian Opera are insufficiently rehearsed. To those who are practically familiar with the workings of an operatic company such remarks as these must appear absurd. When an opera is to be produced for the first time, a number of preliminary rehearsals are necessary; when stock operas are reproduced, there is no such necessity, unless material changes are made in the cast. With principals, chorus, and band perfectly conversant with their respective duties, it would be a foolish waste of time to call for unnecessary and fatiguing repetitions of tasks already committed to memory. The chorus-master needs only two or three choral rehearsals to test the memories and the efficiency of the chorus in such operas as *Faust*, *La Sonnambula*, *Lucio Borgia*, and other equally familiar works. The maestro at piano finds one or two rehearsals with the principals sufficient, and then the conductor in chief has one full band rehearsal, or at most two. The incessant and protracted labour involved in the study of a new opera fixes the music indelibly on the memory, and if an artist like Madame Adelina Patti, with a repertory of 40 operas, were called upon at two days' notice to sing a part which she had not looked at for ten years, she would find little difficulty in complying with such a request. The fact that in Paris operas (when new) are rehearsed for two or three months, has nothing to do with the question of producing stock operas, and, as a matter of fact, no new operas are produced at either of our Italian opera-houses without abundant preparation. It is not, therefore, so surprising as at first sight it might appear, that our London operatic managers are able to reproduce familiar works in rapid succession; but the fact that they do so strikingly illustrates the vastness of their resources. The five recent additions to the repertory of the season at Covent Garden are *Lohengrin*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Aida*, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, and *Der Freischütz*. The two operas last named were announced for yesterday and to-night—too late for notice this week.

Lohengrin was produced with an excellent cast. Signor Gayarré's impersonation of the Knight of the Holy Grail has never been surpassed. He sang with exquisite refinement of style, and his acting was dignified, graceful, and natural. Mdlle. Heilbron had to contend with recollections of Madame Albani's charming impersonation of Elsa, and came successfully through the ordeal. If not a brilliant, she is an eminently satisfactory, artist, and on this occasion she showed herself to be a sympathetic and graceful actress, as well as accomplished singer. Mdlle. Mantilla and Signor Cotogni did all that was possible to render the thankless rôles of Ortruda and Telramondo acceptable; the minor parts were satisfactorily filled, and the opera met with a much more favourable reception than that which had been previously accorded to *Tannhäuser*.

Le Nozze di Figaro was produced with two changes in the cast. Madame Cepeda, for the first time, undertook the part of the Countess, and although not in quite such good voice as usual, sang and acted in a manner worthy of her high reputation. Mdlle. Valleria appeared to much greater advantage as Susanna than at her debut in the unfamiliar part of Auber's Zerlina. The lovely air, "Deh vieni, non tardar" was admirably sung, and throughout the opera her tasteful singing and piquant acting elicited hearty applause. How well Signor Cotogni (Figaro) and Signor Graziani (the Count) acquitted themselves it is needless to say. Mdlle. Zare Thalberg resumed the rôle of Cherubino, and in "Voi che sapete," which was enthusiastically encored, the richness and beauty of her voice were delightfully manifested. There were two points in the performance of the opera which call for remark. The Count's best aria, "Vedrò mentr'io sospiro," was omitted by Signor Graziani, without any kind of explanation, and against such an omission every musician is bound to protest. In the exquisite due, "Sull'aria," a final double cadenza was introduced by Madames Cepeda and Valleria, in accordance with a modern custom which cannot be too severely condemned. Signor Beviniani, who conducted, must be held responsible for upholding a practice which may have been thought permissible in the days when Bishop produced garbled and mutilated versions of foreign operas; but in the present condition of musical taste no one can be allowed to take liberties with the masterpieces of composers like Mozart, unless under the penalty of severe reproof. The double cadenza in question was not written in the style of Mozart, but was a commonplace double scale in thirds, which produced the effect of a scrap of tinsel stuck on to a perfect gem. The phrase, "Il capirà" (He'll understand), was ridiculously broken up into "Il ca pirà," equivalent to "He'll understand," and the simple beauty of the duet was tarnished.

Aida was produced on Tuesday last, with Madame Adelina Patti in the title character, which she has made so completely her own that any other representative of it would be scarcely endurable. It would be a waste of time to point out the many beauties of an impersonation so exquisite, nor is it necessary to comment on the merits of Madame Scalchi (Amneris), Signor Nicolini (Radamis), Signor Scolaro (the King), and Signor Graziani (Ammasro). They fully maintained their reputations, and the opera was warmly greeted by an audience which filled every part of the theatre.

The repetition of *Faust*, on Saturday last, was rendered especially interesting by the appearance of Madame Patti as Margherita, and the debut of M. Gailhard as Mefistofele. That Madame Patti was brilliantly successful may be taken for granted. The debutant fulfilled the anticipations founded on his successes at the Grand Opera, Paris. He has a fine voice, and is a consummate artist, both as vocalist and actor. He rapidly won the favour of his audience, and is evidently a valuable recruit.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

The inclemency of this protracted winter has sorely tried our foreign visitors, and Mr. Mapleson has been so unfortunate as to lose the aid of Madame Christine Nilsson and Madame Etelka Gerster for a time. The Hungarian artist was to have played Amina in *La Sonnambula* last week, but was prevented by indisposition, and her place was taken by Mdlle. Vanzandt, who, at short notice, undertook a part in which she had never before appeared. She made a genuine and legitimate success, and very greatly enhanced the favourable impression awakened by her debut as Zerlina in *Il Don Giovanni*. To speak of either her singing or acting as perfect would be absurd, but it may safely be said that her impersonation of Amina was more than satisfactory, and was in many respects admirable. Her acting was natural and graceful, although of course more effective in the earlier scenes than in those which called for emotional power. Her scales were well sung, and she sang exceptionally high notes with correct intonation and purity of tone. With further

study and practice, and careful nurture of her fresh, delicate voice, she is likely to attain a distinguished position. Signor Carrion (Elvino) and Signor Foli (the Count) were pretty efficient, and the last-named artist held on to the inevitable riding-whip all through the opera.

Faust was produced on Saturday last with Signor Runcio in the title-character. He undertook it at short notice, owing to Signor Campanini's indisposition, and was an efficient substitute. Miss Minnie Hauk repeated her popular impersonation of Margherita with her customary success, and Madame Trebelli's Siebel and Signor Foli's Mefistofele were as meritorious as heretofore. A new-comer, Signor Vaselli, made his debut as Valentino. He was apparently nervous and unwell, and must be heard again before a final opinion on his qualifications can be offered; but it is certain that he has an excellent voice, which may be turned to good account.

Lucia di Lammermoor was produced on Tuesday last, and Mdlle. Ambre made a successful appearance in the title-character. Signor Frapolli, as Edgardo, won well-deserved applause, and Signori Galassi and Foli were highly satisfactory representatives of Enrico and Raimondo.

Madame Christine Nilsson was announced to make her *reentrée* on Thursday last, as Margherita, in *Faust*.

Madame Etelka Gerster is announced to make her *reentrée* on Monday next, as Gilda, in *Rigoletto*.

The third and last concert of the Blackheath Orchestral and Philharmonic Society was given last week at the Blackheath Concert Hall. The programme included the "Italian" symphony of Mendelssohn, Beethoven's great "No. 3" overture to *Leonora*, and other important orchestral works, with vocal selections sung by Madame Antoinette Sterling and Mr. W. Webster, jun.—an amateur whose finished vocalisation might favourably compare with that of most professional basses. His second song, "Love and Time," composed by Mr. Alfred Burnett, was warmly applauded. The concert was conducted by Mr. A. Burnett and Mr. G. E. Blunden.

Mr. Frederic Cowen's *matinée* on Monday last, at Dudley House, presented a variety of attractions, including vocal performances by Mdmes. Trebelli, Valleria, Osgood, and Sterling; MM. McGuckin, Walter Clifford, and Santley; and instrumental performances by M. Musin (violin), Albert (violinello), viola (Mr. Hann), and pianoforte Mr. F. Cowen. The four last-named artists joined in executing Mr. Cowen's MS. quartet in C minor, composed in 1870. The adagio of the work is charmingly melodious and expressive; the succeeding scherzo is light and fanciful. The opening allegro and the finale are less original, but show good workmanship, and the quartet is not only an astonishing evidence of musical precocity, but is an interesting work, worthy of frequent repetition. Sir Julius Benedict, Mr. Ganz, and Mr. Kuhe assisted Mr. Cowen in conducting the concert, and the programme was enriched by three recitations, given in her best style, by Miss Cowen. Where so many artists of acknowledged excellence were engaged, it may seem invidious to single any out for special praise, but it is only just to M. Musin to say that his violin solos were prominent among the many attractions of the concert, and to Mr. McGuckin, to testify to the admirable manner in which (as substitute for Mr. Maas) he sang at sight the tenor part in the trio from *I Lombardi*, with Mdlle. Valleria and Mr. Walter Clifford, as his coadjutors.

The second of the current series of the New Philharmonic Society's concerts was given on Saturday last, when Madame Essipoff made her reappearance after two years' absence from London, and played Chopin's F minor concerto No. 2 in exquisite style. She also played a "Caprice Russe," by Rubinstein, which was sufficiently capricious, not to say eccentric, but presented little to be admired. Mdlle. Turolla was the vocalist. Mr. W. Ganz, in his direction of Mendelssohn's "Scotch" symphony and other important orchestral works, proved himself to be an accomplished orchestral conductor.

The series of "Orchestral Festival Concerts," recently arranged to take place at St. James's Hall, came to a conclusion on Monday last. The *raison d'être* of these concerts appears to be doubtful, unless it was hoped that they might tend to resuscitate the vanished popularity of Richard Wagner. If so, the failure was conspicuous. On Monday last the hall was well attended, but at the three preceding concerts it was comparatively empty, and the programmes, composed of Wagner's music, with a small seasoning of Beethoven, Schubert, &c., failed to attract the British public. Nevertheless, great pains and expense had been incurred in order to ensure success, and not only was a band of 100 performers engaged, but a wonderfully gifted conductor was secured in Herr Hans Richter, of Vienna. It seems clear that in England the Wagner craze is, as our American cousins say, "played out."

Miss Mary Chatterton on Monday last gave the first of three harp recitals, fixed for Mondays, May 12 and 26, and June 9th, at the Langham Hall, and played in a style which did great credit to her able instructor, Mr. Frederick Chatterton.

Miss Maud Irving's morning concert took place last week at the residence of Major Wallace Carpenter, 28, Ashley-place. The *bénéficiaire*, who shows considerable promise, was assisted by Mesdames Sinico, Purdy, Mulholland, and Bessie Richards, MM. Urio, Shakspeare, Thorndike, Bendall, F. H. Cowen, and other able artists.

Miss Madelena Cronin's pianoforte recital was given at the Royal Academy of Music on Thursday last, with the assistance of Mdles. Palmer, Larkcom, and Alliston; MM. Erba and Adelmann. Miss Cronin played no less than eleven pianoforte solos, and was heartily applauded.

Madame Essipoff's first pianoforte recital was given at St. James's Hall on Wednesday afternoon, and was brilliantly successful.

Madame Frickenhaus, one of our ablest pianists, gave a successful evening concert on Tuesday last at the Royal Academy of Music, assisted by MM. Ludwig, Jung, Zerbini, and Daubert, and by Miss Clara Samuel as vocalist.

The Royal Society of Musicians will give their annual performance of *The Messiah* on Monday afternoon next, at St. James's Hall, under the direction of Mr. W. G. Cousins, and with the aid of eminent solo vocalists and a first-rate band and chorus. Subscribers of one guinea annually receive two tickets for the *Messiah* concert. Subscriptions are received by the indefatigable secretary, Mr. Stanley Lucas, 84, New Bond-street.

The Philharmonic Society's sixth concert will be given at St. James's Hall next Wednesday evening, and the programme is highly attractive, including Schubert's unfinished symphony in B minor; a violin concerto by M. Sarasate, a pianoforte concerto by Madame Essipoff, and vocal selections by Mdlle. Redeker and Mr. Maas.

We are glad to learn that the action brought in the Court of Queen's Bench by Signor Orsini v. Mr. Mapleson, for wrongful dismissal, has been amicably settled, on terms which are equally creditable to Mr. Mapleson,—during whose absence from England the cause of action arose—and to Signor Orsini, whose ability as a musician is fully recognised, and who has been offered a re-engagement for the autumnal season.

The action brought by Mr. Arthur Mathison against Carl Rosa for £10 10s. for extra trouble in writing dialogues to an

English version of Mozart's *così fan tutte*, came on at the Westminster County Court last Wednesday. Mr. Carl Rosa made a counter claim of £15 for alleged defects in the recitatives furnished by Mr. Mathison. After the plaintiff's had been heard, the Judge recommended an arrangement, and Mr. Hume Williams, on the part of the plaintiff, withdrew his claim, each party paying his own costs.

Mr. John Brinsmead, founder and head of the well-known firm of Brinsmead and Sons, pianoforte makers, has recently been created Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. This distinction has been conferred in addition to the gold medal awarded to the firm at the recent Paris Exhibition.

THE DRAMA.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

THE practice of putting up any of the old comedies as a sort of stop-gap is one which is to be deprecated in the interests of dramatic art. Because there are one or two people in a company who can play certain parts in "powder pieces," reasonably well, it by no means follows that the remainder of the cast will be equal to the task, and thus the performances are destitute of ensemble, and can give pleasure to nobody. There is no play which has suffered more from being thus thrown upon the stage as it were than *The School for Scandal*. Any actress who can giggle thinks she can play Lady Teazle. Sir Peter is supposed to be only a choleric old man, and as for Charles and Joseph Surface, there is not a walking gentleman on the stage who would not play either part at a moment's notice and think he was doing honour to the memory of Sheridan. There is, in fact, no managerial stop-gap so popular as *The School for Scandal*; and thus it happens that for one really good and careful representation of it, we have a dozen bad ones, and our hearts sink when we hear the familiar dialogue, in spite of its point and its wit, for we know what is likely to befall us.

Pending the revival of one of the late Mr. Halliday's spectacular concoctions from Scott, *The School for Scandal* has been put on at the Adelphi, and was given for the first time on Wednesday night. At the first glance the cast looked a good one, but it must be confessed that the performance was a disappointing one. Miss Neilson played Lady Teazle, and we can only say that if Sir Peter was ever taken in by her artlessness and countenanced airs he deserved his fate. A more mannered and thoroughly conventional reading of the part it is impossible to conceive, but that we could forgive if only Miss Neilson would spare us her archness. "Provincial actresses," says Mr. Byron, in one of his delightful *Dramas for the Back Drawing Room*, "are expected to be arch in this situation," and Miss Neilson has evidently taken that advice to heart. Nor can it be said that Mr. Flockton distinguished himself as Sir Peter. He is a clever actor, but did not seem to enter into the spirit of the part, and made the character far too old. Mr. Hermann Vezin was a careful Joseph Surface, but his elocution in the earlier scenes would be more effective if it were more measured; and Mr. Neville was a vigorous though somewhat conventional Charles. Mr. Wigan was Sir Oliver Surface, Mr. Compton Sir Benjamin Backbite, and Mr. Celli, as Sir Harry Bumper, sang "Here's to the maiden" with spirit. Mrs. Alfred Mellon was, as might have been expected, thoroughly at home in the part of Mrs. Candour, and delivered that lady's telling speeches with great effect. "In order to render the cast most complete," we are told in the playbills, "Miss Bella Pateman and Miss Lydia Foote have consented to play the parts of Lady Sneerwell and Maria." Such condescension is certainly overwhelming, but let us add that the ladies in question played well. A minuet was danced in the second act, but the chief performers in it lacked distinction, and we remembered with regret the same stately old dance as presented on the stage of the Prince of Wales's. "The hits in the *School for Scandal*," said an appreciative critic more than fifty years ago, "tell all over the house. The pit chuckles, the galleries laugh, and even the boxes relish it." Thus, even when indifferently acted, it is almost certain to go, and on this occasion the comedy was received with considerable applause.

Trial by Jury is in rehearsal at the Folly, and will shortly be given there, with Miss Nellie Bromley as the Plaintiff.

The next novelty at the Criterion will be a comedy by Mr. Byron, entitled *The Wicked Major*. It ought to be very amusing.

Drink is the rather "rowdy" title of Mr. Charles Reade's version of *L'Assommoir*. The literal translation would be "The Bludgeon." The adaptation will be produced on Whit Monday, June 2.

Miss Marion Terry is now appearing at the Olympic Theatre in *Married, not Mated*, and gives a very refined and sympathetic rendering of the part of the heroine.

A musical comedy in two acts will shortly be produced at the Imperial Afternoon Theatre. It has been written specially for the Vokes family.

A farce entitled, "1313," adapted from the French by Mr. Desprez, now precedes *La Perichole* at the Folly. *Belladonna*, by Messrs. Cellier and Alfred Thompson, is to be produced there shortly.

The Crisis is to be revived at the Haymarket this evening with the original cast, and many playgoers will welcome the announcement.

Mr. Hare and Mr. and Mrs. Kendal have joined forces, and are to occupy the St. James's Theatre at the expiration of the former's lease of the Court.

Mr. Albery is adapting *Le Bourgeois de Pont-Arcey* for the Prince of Wales's. Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Hermann Vezin, and Miss Marion Terry will be included in the cast.

Mr. Wilson Barrett's company will play in *Proof* at the Surrey, at Whitsuntide. Miss Heath, as Jane Shore, has drawn crowds to Mr. Holland's spacious theatre.

"Toole's Theatre" is to be the name of the popular comedian's London house, and it will be built near the Strand, where Harley's Building's in Bedford-street now stand.

A new and original comedy, entitled *Campaigning*, will be produced under the direction of Mr. E. H. Warner-Wright, on the morning of Saturday, May 24.

On Saturday evening, May 17, the Plantation Minstrels will give an entertainment at Westbourne Hall, under the patronage of General Sir Hastings Doyle, in aid of the Zulu War Fund.

On the occasion of Mr. E. Terry's approaching benefit, *Boulogne* will be played instead of *Curil's Success*, as previously announced. A rhymed address, and *Little Dr. Faust*, will be given also.

"KEATING'S POWDER" destroys bugs, fleas, moths, beetles, and all other insects, whilst quite harmless to domestic animals. In exterminating beetles the success of this powder is extraordinary. It is perfectly clean in application. See you purchase "KEATING'S," as imitations are noxious and ineffectual. Sold in tins, 1s. and 2s. 6d. each, by all Chemists. —[ADVT.]

EAU FIGARO. The last scientific discovery for restoring faded and grey hair to its original colour. Cleansing, Harmless, Colourless. To prove that this is "bona-fide," if a sample of hair be sent before purchase of the preparation, stating original colour, the same will be returned completely restored. Prices 6s. and 6s. per bottle. Full particulars will be sent on application to the French Hygienic Society, 40, Haymarket, S.W.—[ADVT.]

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

MRS. BANCROFT.

THE portrait on the front page of this issue represents a lady to whom all playgoers, and all who wish well to the stage, owe a deep debt of gratitude. We should have difficulty in making our foreign readers, who are not acquainted with the London boards, understand the feeling of admiration and esteem with which all classes of those who visit the theatre regard a lady whose art and influence, both so considerable, are diligently and unflinchingly employed in furthering the higher interests of the drama. The story of the rise to popularity of the Prince of Wales's Theatre is too well known to need repetition. Its vicissitudes had been great and varied before Miss Marie Wilton took it in hand. Mr. H. J. Byron for some time gave his assistance to the little house in Tottenham-street; but soon after the advent of Mr. Bancroft, an event which has been attended with such fortunate results to playgoers was brought about, and Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft devoted their energies and talents to making the Prince of Wales's Theatre second to none, not only in popularity, but as a home of cultivated dramatic art.

Every evening Polly Eccles, as fresh, as charming, as pathetic, as delightfully vivacious as ever, is to be seen at Mrs. Bancroft's theatre; and strangers who are inclined to believe that more has been said of the wonderful portrayal than the occasion demanded will speedily be convinced that in truth scant justice has been done to the perfect picture there presented. It is no slight praise of the actress to say that she has usually been most successful when she has flown highest. Her Lady Teazle was an irresistibly winning study of character, her Peg Woffington touched the extreme bounds alike of humour and of pathos; yet the artist who could show us these presentations of character is altogether unapproachable as that child of nature, the heroine of *Good for Nothing*. Nor while we remember Polly, Nan, and the precocious young lady who made *School* such a pleasant place to visit, must we forget the lovely old lady who adorned the vicar's home in the adaptation of *Le Village*. There is, again, to be recalled with sincere admiration Jenny Northcott, the good-hearted, self-willed girl, who did not know her mind and played with her lover's heart; and the contrast to be found in Miss Northcott, the generous, noble-minded lady with sad eyes, who had cherished a shadow and loved an ideal hero who never existed. Happily we are soon to see her again. To pass from the pleasant dreamland peopled by our dear friend the creations of Mrs. Bancroft's art, and to come down to the practical work-a-day world, we may add that the photograph from which our engraving is reproduced was taken by Messrs. Window and Grove.

KENNEL CLUB FIELD TRIALS.

The Kennel Club Field Trials, which furnish the subject of sketches on another page, were this year held on the 7th, 8th, and 9th ult. at Debden Manor, Newport, Essex, by permission of Mr. P. Brevin, whose portrait occupies the middle of the picture. The principal winners were Luck of Erin, who—it is impossible to call so clever a dog “which”—took the Derby; and Darkie, the winner of the Club Challenge Cup and the All-Aged Stakes. Luck of Erin may not be the handsomest of dogs, but it was universally admitted that “he had it in his head.” Darkie's singular method of making a point will at once strike the observer. Concerning his abilities, however, there was no sort of question. The healthy maxim, “may the best dog win,” was strictly carried out. At the bottom of the drawing is a sketch of a delinquent that put himself out of the hunt by a private hunt of his own, as here indicated. The other sketches comprise judges, owners, various functionaries, and spectators, one of whom, he in the extreme left-hand corner, travelled several thousand miles for the sake of attending these trials, the results of which he is noting down.

WILD DUCK SHOOTING IN CANADA.

These sketches, which Captain Norcott, of the 101st Fusiliers, most kindly sent us, tell their own story with such perfect directness that a written explanation would be unnecessary. Readers will, we are sure, join with us in thanking a sportsman who does not keep all the fun to himself, but by the aid of his graphic pencil shows us how the sports of the Old Country are carried on in Canada.

A “SCRATCH” TEAM.

Driving a coach seems to be one of the simplest things in the world as one looks at the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Arthur Somerset, Lord Carington, or some other master of the art. Even if for a moment anything should appear to be out of order, a movement of the hand on the reins or a turn of the wrist of the whip hand puts the little difficulty right again in a moment. But when things do once begin to go really wrong, they speedily become very wrong indeed. Our friend on the box in Mr. Sturgess's picture has an awkward team before him, and is scarcely having a pleasant drive. There is a decided difference of opinion between the four horses, of which only the off leader shows any disposition to travel in the way he should go. A sound double-tronging may possibly have a salutary effect on the refractory wheeler, but it will probably be some time before the scratch team is a comfortable one to drive.

SHOOTING BIRDS OF PARADISE.

In our pictures of sport it is often the fashion of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS to, from time to time,

entreat thy company

To see the wonders of the world abroad,

and we this week give several such glimpses, not the least interesting of which, perhaps, is that of shooting birds of paradise in the wild recesses of an Oriental forest. The grandly luxurious primeval forests of Ceylon stretching over hill and dale are full of variety and beauty. Naked rocks and bleak mountain sides, precipitous descents and mighty cliffs, with water in all its many picturesque phases, mingle with the rich profusion of vegetation, which take below the shape of brushwood and plants in almost infinite variety, and soar upwards in majestic trees draped with the long tendrils of beautiful climbing plants. Ceylon is a fine sporting country, and although of late years it has undergone those improvements which follow the advent of European civilisation, it has stretches of country as wild and untrodden as the most insatiable tiger-hunter could desire. Leopards are to be found, although they are not perhaps numerous, herds of elephants wander in large numbers, and almost every other species of game abounds. The quick eyes of the native coolies track them with wonderful skill and certainty. The great plague of the hunter or explorer is, however, found in those most disgusting of reptiles, blood-sucking leeches, which assail him from every side in prodigious quantities. In some parts they may be seen spreading over every portion of the ground, leaping from the stones, bushes, and branches, and even covering thickly every leaf and twig. A special kind of gaiters, called leech-gaiters, are worn to protect the legs from these strange enemies, for they will find their way into any ordinary boots and penetrate any ordinary description of stock-

ing. They spread over the traveller thickly, and to detach them is by no means an easy or expeditious task; and they sometimes kill. To return, however, to the birds of paradise. They are shot with blunted arrows to avoid injuring their plumage, the bowmen concealing themselves in trees for the purpose of shooting them, and they fall stunned, to be taken up by others, who are on the look out for them below. These beautiful birds are distinguished from all others by the two middle feathers of the tail, which are little more than a filament except at the point near the root. The heads are small and of brilliant colours, the necks of a fawn colour, and the bodies brown and gold. This bird has been the origin of all kinds of superstitious fancies; that from which it derives its name is referred to in the following lines:—

'Tis said there is a wondrous bird
That ne'er alights to fold her wings,
But far up in the sky is heard
The music which the creature sings.
On plumes unwearied, soft and bright,
She floateth still in hymning mirth
For ever in her native light,
Unstained by any touch of earth.

FRY FISHING IN THE LIFFEY.

In Ireland fishing is afforded at every turn, even in the Liffey itself, and that, too, in the heart of the city and down along the quays. Leaving Dublin city, the fry-fishing scene pictured in the accompanying illustration first met my view as I stood on the deck of the Lord Clyde, just about to sail. The sinking sun bathes the stream in a golden haze and lights the dome of the Custom House in the distance. Rising and falling are the tiny wavelets made by some outward bound, or the surge from a passing barge; high-piled with a cargo of real Dublin stout are several row-boats, equipped with the picturesque gear shown in the sketch. The net is let down and raised by blocks and tackle, and the contents, when any, deposited in the bottom of the boat, the fry, in due time, doing duty in the market as genuine sardines. The mails on board, the paddles turn, the waves glide out, and we part as the fisherman raises his circular net, and finds it to contain but three very small fry indeed, looking like bits of burnished silver glistening in the sunlight as he throws them in the boat, the net dripping and sparkling with a thousand drops, twinkling and reflecting in the light like so many diamonds. Before parting from the scene, I may remark that on the outline of the Custom House in the background may be seen the figures which gave rise to that genuine Irish joke. A traveller, one wet day, being driven along in front of the fine building, and admiring its proportions, inquired of the carman what statues those were in front. With ready answer the carman replied, “The twelve Apostles, sir.” “But,” said the traveller, “there are only four.” “Oh, sure, sir, the rest of them's gone in out of the wet.” The genial Irish carman is a really pleasant guide and companion, either in the city or in the mountain wilds.

W. A. D.

IRISH FISHING SCENES.

Many a time have I heard the rapturous exclamations of delight from those who first beheld the panoramic beauties of the Dublin and Wicklow coasts, or the wild and terrible grandeur of the Achill Isles; or gazed in wonder on the fairy scenes of Clew Bay with its hundred isles, guarded by the mighty form of Croagh Patrick, standing sentinel as it were, and watching to welcome the exile on his return from the far west, or witnessing his departure, its grey and hoary head being the last sight for many as they mount the bulwarks of the emigrant ship, and strain their eyes to the fading line on the horizon of the land they love so well. Landing in the Irish capital by any of the many routes now available to the traveller, comfortable and convenient quarters may be easily secured from which to sally forth on picturesque pilgrimages. One run which will repay time and trouble is a run to Kingstown, with its fine jetty and magnificent harbour, and snug trim villas all along the shore. Once within range of the spray, the day being fine, we see beneath a clear blue sky, with banks of rolling clouds, the well-known form of Hawth Head, its rocky shores almost hidden in a soft haze of purple grey. Approaching the eye, the shadowy forms of white-sailed yachts are seen, some almost lost in the calm distance; others nearing, and catching the passing breeze, sail gracefully along, their forms reflected in a perfect mirage in the waters below. Following the rough footpath, the view seen in the accompanying illustrations of “Lobster Shooting” meets the eye. The toilers of the deep are busy at work; other tourists are here also, one of whom, dressed in a tweed check, and with a strong Scotch accent, hails the nearest boat with, “What are ye fishin' fur?” One of the figures in the boat, raising his sunburnt face, answers in that pleasing tone of voice only possessed by sons of the sea, “We're not fishin', sur; we're shootin' lobsters.” Our inquiring friend follows up this answer by asking, “Are ye catchin' them fur sellin'?” “Yes, sur,” is the ready reply. “Do ye want any?” “Come in till we see what like they are,” is the request of our canny freen. The boat is soon on the way, pulled by two sturdy rowers. As it came near, the beauty of the local colour of the sea, where the shadow of the boat kept off the dazzling reflection of the upper elements, it was of the clearest and most beautiful green.

“How many do you want, sir?” is asked from the boat. Our “freem” on the rock-bound shore says, “A' think a'll tak' wan, if it's no owre dear.” “On'y one!” the oarsman exclaims with just indignation. “Sure it wasn't worth our while pullin' in for that? On'y we like to be civil to strangers.”

The sight was both picturesque and pleasing. The “pats” in which the lobsters are taken, being set by the fishermen, are left for a tide, then lifted, the spoil when secured being sent to the best market. The harvest of the sea to be reaped on the coast of Ireland is one of the richest in the world if properly worked, and would prove a mine of untold wealth to all engaged. All that is wanted is some small encouragement given to the hardy fishermen as a beginning, and they will soon compete successfully with the bounty-kept boats from the Continent, which come every year, and sail away with deep sunk hulls and the prospect of well-filled purses.

On Thursday (last week) Lord Galway's hounds succeeded in killing a “May” fox, for the first time since the present master has had the pack. The meet was a Trumace's Lodge, and hundreds turned out, there being no less than seven masters of hounds and a like number of whips present. A fox, one of the right sort, was found in Manor Hills, and, after a capital run of fifty minutes, they pulled him down near the Duke of Portland's Riding School at Welbeck.

Mrs. — of 105, Eaton-place, Belgrave, S.W., will certainly recommend all her friends to Mr. and Mrs. Hart of 15, Stockbridge-terrace, Pimlico, S.W., as the most liberal purchaser of left-off clothes, &c.—[ADVT.] Opposite the Victoria District Railway Station is Mr. and Mrs. Hart, 15, Stockbridge-terrace, Pimlico, the old-established buyers of left-off clothes of all descriptions. P.O.O. remitted for parcels of the above, same day as received. Established 1810.—[ADVT.]

REVIEWS.

The Entertainment Directory and Playgoer's Guide. London: G. WALTER. 1879. 8vo.—This little work gives the names, locality, prices of admission, style of entertainment, &c., of about 1,400 places of public amusement in Great Britain, Ireland, and the British Isles. It is alike useful to the playgoer and professional, and contains other useful information on matters associated with the subject of public entertainments.

Dickens' Dictionary of London. London: CHARLES DICKENS.—No more comprehensive or convenient guide for London could be conceived than this which is just such a book as everybody visiting the metropolis must have often wished for; portable enough for the pocket, and yet full of every kind of information of a practical character, which the visitor requires for the purposes of either business or pleasure. Compactly arranged and classified, its contents answer every possible requirement. The stranger is warned of London's many dangers, the lions of art, science, and society are pointed out, the different places of amusement described, with their localities, and the various ways and means by which they are reached from different points of the compass. Cab, railway, tram-car, and omnibus fares are given; dining-rooms and coffee-houses, clubs and hotels, are pointed out. Museums and libraries, churches and chapels, magazines and newspapers, and a host of other subjects too numerous for mention here, are to be found, each under its initial letter, without the slightest delay or loss of time, in the pages of this admirably-conceived and carefully-executed little book.

The Academy Guide for 1879. London: Examiner Office.—For criticism of a sharp, decisive, practical kind, dealing with each subject in the fewest possible words, but making those words express the critic's meaning with striking force, we commend this little guide-book heartily to our readers' attention. “Solidly painted,” “Full of poetry,” “A promising work,” “Sea unnaturally opaline,” “Good atmosphere and well-painted surf,” “A vigorous work,” “Smooth and conventional,” “Tawdry and vulgar,” “Too painty,” “A masterly portrait,” “Daintily painted,” are some few specimens of the brief way in which the writer dismisses, so far as criticism is concerned, one work after the other, saying in most cases all that need be said, and hitting at once the more striking faults or beauties. But all the pictures are not dismissed with this extreme brevity. Of Sir F. Leighton's “Elijah in the Wilderness” the author, for instance, says: “The angel is a graceful figure, though her drapery curls up after a wholly inexplicable fashion, as there are no indications of wind, and the variegated colour of the wings savours of burlesque. The muscles of the upper part of Elijah's body are exaggerated, noticeably the *Latissimus dorsi* and the *Pectoralis major*, and the development of the lower does not correspond with that of the upper extremities. A disappointing work.” Of “The Forcher's Widow,” by Briton Riviere, he says she “is evidently thinking what a good time the deceased ragamuffin might have had were he alive, for all around her are dotted hares, rabbits, and cock and hen pheasants, evidently aware of her husband's death, and grown bold in consequence. The late lamented must certainly have had capital sport in his time.” The comments upon Mr. J. C. Horsley's portrait of Mr. and Mrs. Jessop run thus:—“Shilling photographs. On the line, of course. The sort of thing that makes the intelligent foreigner who knows anything of art rush out of Burlington House howling.” We are pleased to see that Miss Ellen Conolly's very clever, conscientiously painted picture is favourably noticed, and quite agree with the concluding words of the writer, “Hung higher than it deserves.”

The Gentleman's Magazine.—“Under Which Lord” industriously works out its sad story of priestly intrigue, selfishness, and cruelty. Mrs. Mary M. Heaton gives us a biographical sketch of the artist, William Mulready, and in the remainder of its contents we have good readable papers on W. J. Linton as a poet, on the Bar as a trade, and on whales and their neighbours.

London Society has plenty of clever illustrations and amusing reading, with other specimens of the feeble amateur drawing of which we spoke last month.

THE ninety-first annual festival of the Royal Masonic Institution for Girls was held at Freemasons' Hall, on Wednesday evening last; Lieut.-Col. John Creaton in the chair. After the usual toasts had been duly honoured, the list of subscriptions to this admirable charity was announced as having reached the magnificent sum of nearly £11,700, the largest amount yet collected.

An international dog show is to be held at Hanover from the 21st to the 25th of this month. It promises to be well attended. The famous Newfoundland dog champion Leo and the equally famous pointer champion Waggs will be there as contributions from England. Holland will contribute the well-known St. Bernard Barry, a direct descendant of the historic representative of his race preserved in a stuffed state in the museum at Berne. Prince Charles of Prussia has promised to send some of his famous greyhounds, and his son, Prince Frederick Charles, some of his peculiar breed of bloodhounds. Emperor William has offered a first prize.

ROYAL CANOE CLUB.—The fifth sailing match of the season, which should have come off last Saturday, at the Welsh Harp, Hendon, had to be postponed for want of wind, and will take place, therefore, to-day, starting about 3.15 p.m. The match for the Fifty Guinea Challenge Cup will be sailed next Saturday, the 24th inst., at Hendon, when most probably all the best sailing canoes in the club, as well as a famous one from the Clyde, and another of Chester build, will come to the start, which will be about 3.15 p.m.

Those who desire to find a remarkably light and convenient waterproof, will certainly not be able to do better than apply to Messrs. Anderson, Abbott, and Anderson, of Queen Victoria-street, whose “Live Antipluvian” fulfils every requisite.

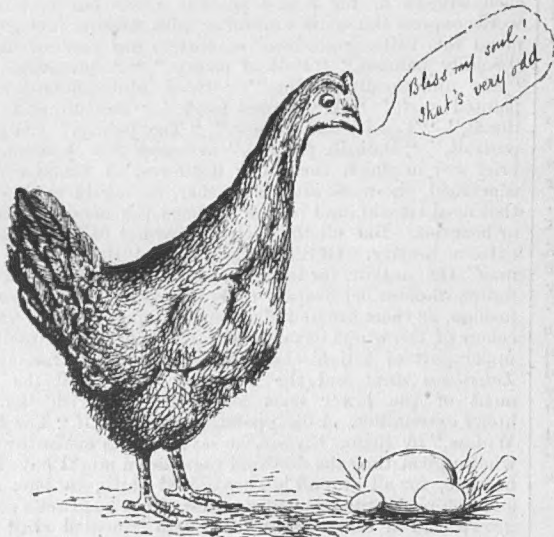
SOZODONT.—The peerless liquid Dentifrice; its use imparts the most fragrant breath; it beautifies, cleanses, and preserves the teeth in a surprising manner. It gives a delightfully fresh taste and feeling to the mouth, removing all Tartar and Scum from the Teeth, completely arresting the progress of decay, and whitening such parts as have already become black by decay or neglect. Impure breath caused by Bad Teeth, Tobacco, Spirits, or Catarrh is neutralised by Sozodont. The price of the Fragrant Sozodont is 3s. 6d., put up in large bottles, fitted with patent sprinklers for applying the liquid to the tooth-brush. Each bottle is enclosed in a handsome toilet box. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers, and by JOHN M. RICHARDS, Great Russell-street, London. Observe the Name Sozodont on the box, label, and bottle.—ADVT.

“GOLDEN STAR” BAY LEAF WATER, Triple Distilled. Delightfully fragrant and refreshing. The most delicious of all the Toilet Waters. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers. Depot, 114 and 116, Southampton-row, London.—[ADVT.]

HAVE IT IN YOUR HOUSES.—LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE is most agreeable and efficacious in preventing and curing Fevers, Eruptive Complaints, and inflammation. Use no substitute, for it is the only safe antidote, having peculiar and exclusive merits. It instantly relieves the most intense headache and thirst; and, if given with lime-juice syrup, is a specific in gout and rheumatism. Sold by all Chemists, and the Maker, 113, Holborn-hill, London.—[ADVT.]

MORE CURES OF THROAT AND CHEST DISORDERS BY DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS.—From Mr. Midgley, 100, Wellington-road, Toxteth Park, Liverpool. “As a preventive to Throat and chest affections, and all bronchial disorders, they are invaluable; they give instant relief.”—Sold at 1s. 1d., and 2s. 9d. per box.—[ADVT.]

SPORTING NOTES



Laying odds —

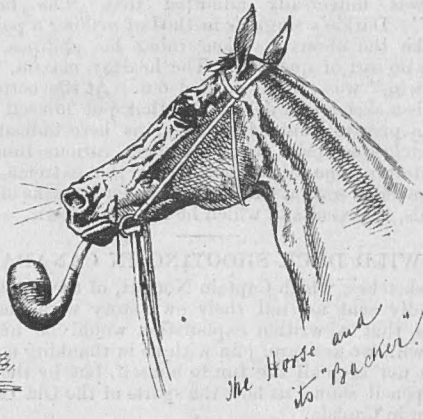
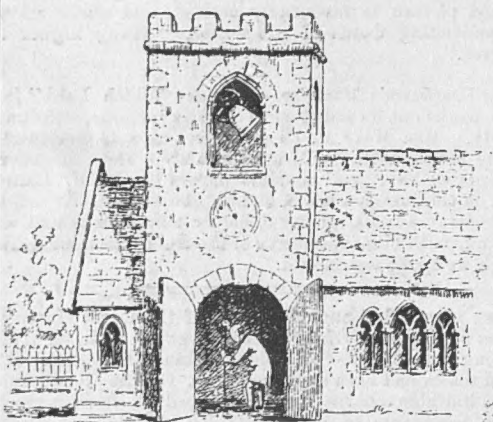


Four to one (421) on the Field

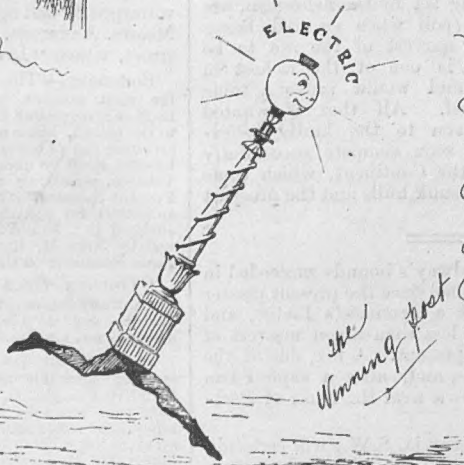
Ye Monthly Nurse

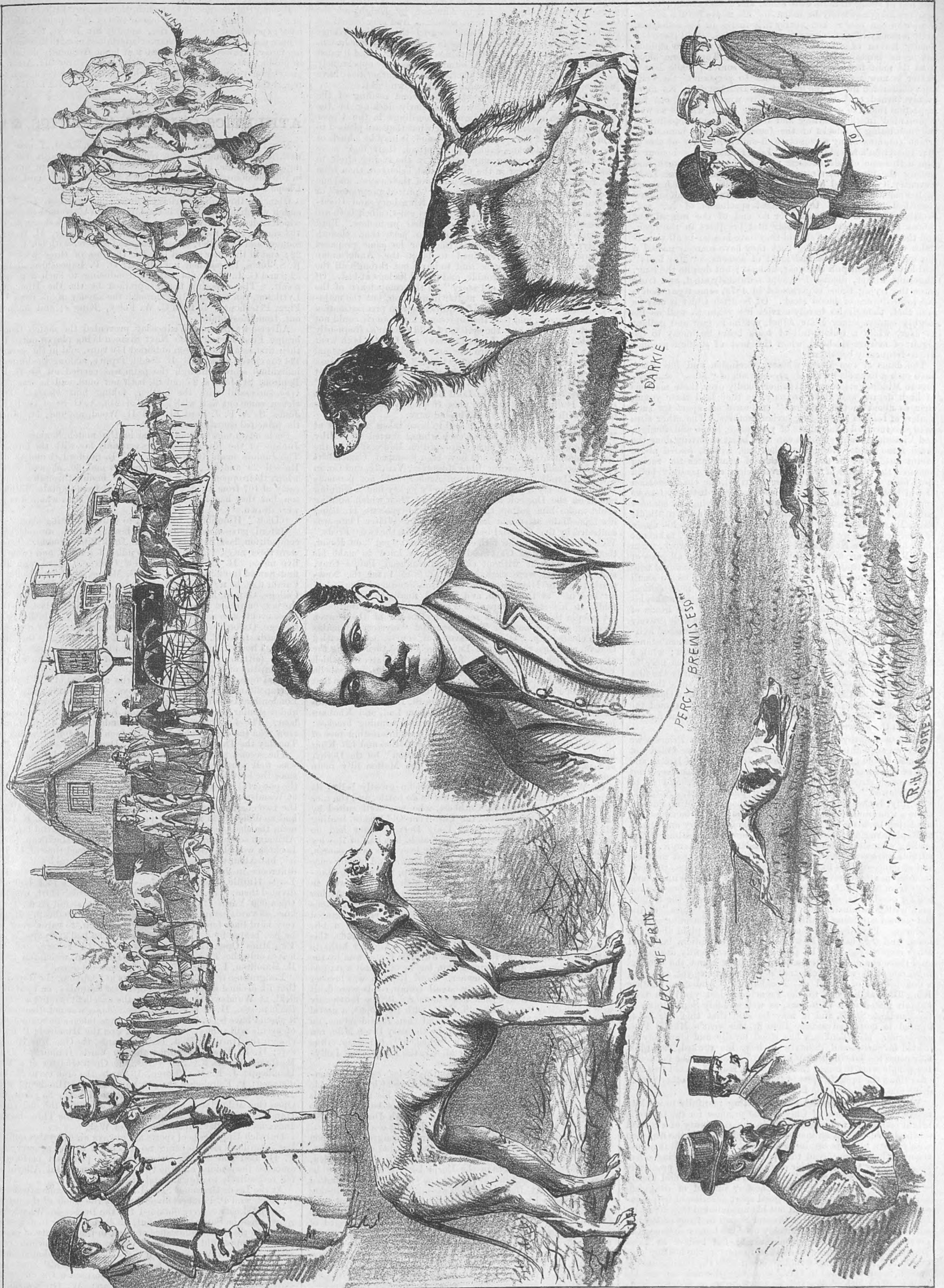


CRICKET NOTES



Bell's Weekly Messenger





KENNEL CLUB FIELD TRIALS AT NEWPORT IN ESSEX.

TURFIANA.

MIDDLE PARK seems perpetually to be performing the Phoenix-like feat of rising from its own ashes, and *auto splendore resurgo* may not inappropriately be taken for his motto by Mr. Blenkiron, who can now reckon nearly fifty mares in his collection, quite a moiety of which are young and untried. Still there is a goodly leaven of the old sort left behind, and the stallion list is as imposing as ever, and rich in Touchstone blood from its most fashionable and successful sources, while Dutch Skater is now retained *en permanence* to perpetuate the well-nigh obliterated line of the immortal "Dutchman." No more evenly turned or better balanced sire was ever led out for inspection than the sweet-tempered little black, who is so well represented in the yearling and foal contingents depasturing the undulating paddocks of the familiar Kentish homestead, which contains many a consort well-suited in point of size to Mr. Blenkiron's recent purchase. Lord Falmouth has honoured him with some of his choicest matrons from Mereworth, and among the illustrious strangers at Eltham may be seen Lady Coventry, Cecilia, and Silver Ring, each with a bouncing foal by her side, to say nothing of the magnificent Cantinière, now furnished into one of the grandest specimens of her sex. Scottish Chief is responsible for no end of the ragged but robust bantlings now taking their first breathers in the open, and thoroughly hardened should they have become to all vicissitudes of temperature, seeing that they have scarcely missed a day out during the most inclement of seasons. "May foals" will have no great pull this year, at least; but despite the long, lingering winter, disease has kept sedulously aloof, and truly after the trying times experienced in 1878, some reparation is due to producers of blood stock. Of Scottish Chief it may be said that, though he hardly carries his years so well as his mighty contemporary Blair Athol, yet he is gay and gallant as ever, while a quiver-full of foals bears testimony to the vigour of mature sirehood, when the best of stallion produce are so frequently begotten.

The dams of two Derby winners, Seclusion and Bas Bleu, have each a bay colt by the sherry-bay son of "Isles," and visitors to Middle Park may well linger fondly over these matrons of high degree and their progeny, as they lead their young charges afield in the "reserve" enclosure set apart for such leaders of fashion among Belgravian mothers. The other sires have also received a fair share of patronage, home and foreign, and Victorious and Vespasian can both boast of having done the State some service, though neither has, as yet, soared above useful mediocrity in the production of candidates for racing honours, the highest of which, nevertheless, may possibly be in store for a yearling to be hereafter described, for the possession of which competition shall rage as fiercely as between Greeks and Trojans. For this year frequenters of sale rings on summer Saturdays will have to forego their wonted pilgrimage to Middle Park, Mr. Blenkiron having determined to dispose of his dozen or so of yearlings by private contract, or that failing, to submit them for sale to a Newmarket audience in the July week, when 144 Paddocks are alive with "young bloods" from all parts of England, and breeders from all counties hold their annual field days at head-quarters. And we fancy there will be no small stir round the magic circle, hemmed in by the most critical of audiences, when the black Victorious—Seclusion colt makes his bow to the wielder of the ivory hammer, and sets the heads of those few who can afford to open their purse-strings wide gravely nodding for his possession. Bigger than his distinguished half-brother Hermit, with a stronger neck, and with more substance throughout, there is yet no lack of quality and fashion; while a defect usually associated with the stock of Victorious may be minutely looked for in vain, and be it noted that this is the first colt born of Seclusion brought into the sale ring since the day when Hermit and Marksman were each led out with a thousand guineas bid ringing in our ears, amid cheers which seemed the prelude of a louder roar greeting the first and second for the Derby in the snowstorm year.

With a lengthy bay colt by King Lud from Princess we renew an acquaintance made last autumn, when we failed not to make a note of the chestnut Doncaster colt out of Helen, and both of these have grown the right way, though, of course, "not in the same street" for good looks as the black, and to be "interviewed" before that yearling phenomenon. A quick, wiry filly, is the daughter of Thunderbolt and Miss Saurin, while a wondrous family likeness cannot fail to be noticed as subsisting between the Henry fillies from Lady Mary and Queen of Naples, rugged strength, big bone, and plain outline, being leading characteristics of these descendants of Monarque. Admirable correctives these might prove for the rounded neatness and elegance of sires like Dutch Skater, three of whose progeny came up next for review, a chestnut from Miss Winkle, and bays from Mr. Wolfe and Gamos, the two former bearing the bell for good looks, showing clearly that the cross of the Dutchman with Newminster has been successful, the "lines" of the last-named sire being faithfully reflected in his charming grandchildren. Favonius got nearly all his stock plain about the head, and the chestnut Babbee filly is no exception, but in all other respects she may be put down as eminently desirable; and there is a deal of Doncaster's character about the Czarina filly, one of the mighty chestnut's best efforts as yet, and with a double cross of grand old Pocahantas. Anderida, another King Tom mare (sold to the Frenchmen last year) has been happily mated with Victorious, as well as Lady Sophia (now in the Sandgate Stud), and it may be said that this sire never figured to better advantage than in this year's Middle Park catalogue. Mr. Blenkiron has stood loyally and staunchly by his old favourite, and deserves to have his reward, though it may come too late in the day to make Victorious "the fashion," for people seem to forget that the "last fruit of an old tree" is oftentimes the best, in spite of the Sweetmeat and other precedents staring them in the face.

With its most influential patrons setting manfully to work to revive the palmy days of Chester, the promise for the future is bright enough to warrant a belief in the possibility of a revival on the Rhodée, and an increase in added money is the first step wisely taken towards attaining this desirable end. It is no use trying to butter the bread too sparingly, as many racing *entrepreneurs* have found to their cost, and the "cry" of promoters should be first "liberality," then "compression," and finally "variety." The last day of Chester, instead of dragging wearily along, showed quite as good sport as either of its predecessors, and Parole half wiped out his unequivocal Cup defeat by cantering home for the Great Chester Stakes in front of Reefer, who had beaten him so comfortably over the longer distance the previous day; and yet people would not believe in Lord Dupplin's gelding, who was allowed to start at the healthy odds of 100 to 7, but nothing would go down with the public save Sir Joseph, who was asked to travel a quarter of a mile beyond his tether. The Dee Stakes fell, as usual, to an outsider in Sunburn; but we should think the Derby prospects of Flavius are as hopeless as those of Squirrel, though the latter's running increased the "sneaking fondness" for Mr. Acton's half-brother to Hampton, and Sir Bevy may, like his illustrious relative, go on improving with age. Quits took his

benefit in the Hunt Plate, and King of the Forest began the day well with Wild Hyacinth and Acorn, the former of which Mr. Bush secured very cheaply for 310 guineas, as she is certain to do the scarlet livery good service; while Acorn is one of the improving sort, though he "trained light" in his two-year-old days. The May Stakes fell to Almoner, by Knight of the Garter, who gets a lot of small winners. And may benefit by coming South; while My Jessie secured the Selling Welter Handicap, and brought proceedings to a satisfactory conclusion, the prelude, we hope, to better things next year. And it must be admitted that the Duke of Westminster has come opportunely to the rescue, now that the Chester racing authorities have judiciously refrained from standing in their own light.

The House of Lords' debate upon the second reading of the Racecourses Licensing Bill was singularly lacking in the dignity which should characterise proceedings in the Upper Chamber. The peers who stood up for what they are pleased to term the rights of the sporting public—and, it may be added, of the sporting publican—evidently undertook their task more from the fear of incurring unpopularity in the racing circle to which so many of them in the division-list belonged, than from any real conviction of the righteousness of their cause, and one noble duke spoke quite in the tone of a "spirited proprietor" of a suburban racecourse, though between Kingsbury and Goodwood it must be admitted that differences exist, albeit both are (or were) doubtless annual benefits to their promoters. Lord Granville played the part of Balaam to perfection, though slightly reversing the prophet's rôle, for he came prepared to curse, but finally remained to bless the Andersonian bantling, which may now be said to have got through all the early stages of infantine trouble, and to feel its legs at last. Of course we had the "old, old story" of the competence of the Jockey Club to deal with the matter in question, but the majority rightly felt that the time for quibbling and procrastination had passed away, and that the supreme Turf council could not be trusted to work out the system of mild reform so frequently suggested to that body. Lords Rosebery and Huntly both went into the same lobby, therefore we are at a loss to understand why the peer sporting one set of "hoops" should take to task the peer sporting a different combination for running a horse at Kingsbury, but we suppose this was only one of the "humours" of the evening, and doubtless Lord Rosebery wished his hapless steed at Halifax or at another place frequently heard of in connection with that hive of Yorkshire industry.

The Lagrange stable may be said to have taken a benefit at Newmarket on Tuesday, and as each winner started at healthy odds, a good deal of the money dropped on Rayon d'Or in the Two Thousand Guineas should have been recouped. Camembert opened the ball by beating Blue Mountain, Velleda, and Co. in a Welter Handicap, for which even Archer could not persuade Hudibras to try a yard; but the lucky jockey had a winning mount on the Doe colt in a Maiden Plate, from which nothing could make him gallop, the "imported" Serpolette II. being his immediate attendant home. A Selling Welter Plate was contested by five, the trial issue being between the two "Freds," Webb and Archer, the former beating his "pal" on Royal, though the rider of Garswood did all he knew to make his horse run straight without effect. Drumhead, Paul's Cray, and Hydromel were each backed at 5 to 1 for the Newmarket Spring Handicap, but only Tom Jennings's horse had a "look in" at the finish, and he had finally to play second fiddle to his stable-companion Prologue, whose performance set people thinking of his race with Discard at the Craven Meeting, and yet another Two Thousand "mystery" remains to be cleared up. Old Strathavon, of course, easily settled Octave, and then came Count Lagrange's third turn during the afternoon with Oceanie in the Two-Year-Old Plate, for which Early Morn and Shaker were both better favourites, but Sabella was the runner up, as at Epsom; and Oceanie is one of the first produce of Feu d'Amour, a somewhat ungainly customer, once highly thought of in connection with the St. Leger. Mangostan beat Dreamland, Adventurier settled Elsham Lad, and Khabara had only to beat Au Revoir to earn her first winning bracket; while the Burwell Stakes furnished the most interesting race of the day, though Muley Edris beat Reconciliation and Elf King handsomely enough to "give him a quotation" for the Derby, and made Charibert's exhibition with the Malton filly more unaccountable than ever.

On Wednesday, the Derby Trial Handicap greatly belied its name, nothing of any note coming out to do battle, and the race finally fell to the useful St. Cuthbert, who was well suited by the distance. Belfry secured the Two-Year-Old Stakes, beating May Queen and Moccoco; and Lady Derwentwater had no chance with old Poursuivant in their match, last half of Rowley Mile. A Two-Year-Old Selling Stakes, over the same course, was contested by a field of nine runners, Dreamland having once more to occupy the position of a runner up, this time to Magdalene, the first of Syrian's stock which has appeared in public, and bred by Major Stapylton. Constable and Archer changed places in the next race, a Selling Plate, Rous course, in which the everlasting Paramatta again figured as first fiddle, though Elsham Lad hustled him up a bit, and once more did the ancient gelding change hands, this time to Mr. Tuckwell, for 275 guineas. Another hitherto untried sire came to the front in the Juvenile Plate, won by the Reverberation colt out of Fairy Form, but he only beat a ragged lot, and failed to find a new owner. Lord Rosslyn was breeder of the winner, and a good many small trump cards were dealt out of the Easton Lodge pack last summer. Prince Bathyan won a Handicap Sweepstakes, T.Y.C., with Episcopus, a useful Cathedral colt of his own breeding; and then Thunderstone, on his best behaviour, and well suited by the easy Ditch Mile, ran clean away from Adventurier in a "chicken" handicap, thus bringing the day's doings to an end, save the formality of Lollypop walking over for the Rous Stakes.

Four thousand pounds (with contingencies) cannot be considered a low price for Marshall Scott, looking at his lamentable failure in the Two Thousand Guineas; but his new owner is one of fortune's favourites, and we should not be surprised to see the Marshall pay his way, even though Derby and St. Leger honours may be a cut above the slashing son of Ethus.

Next week will see followers of sport congregated upon Knavesmire, Doncaster Town Moor, the heights of Lansdown, and the plains of Salisbury, to say nothing of Harpenden, where chops and changes in the Derby betting were wont to be regarded as more significant than in the present times of limited speculation. At Bath, in the Two-year-old Biennial Stakes *The Song* looks like having things all her own way, and Lord Anglesey's best may be worth looking after in the Juvenile Stakes, unless *Usk* should fulfil expectations once formed of him; while for the Three-year-old Biennial, for which Victor Chief will not be sent, commend us to *Elf King*, and to *Duke of Cumberland* or Mr. Crawford's best in the Weston Stakes. At York, the Zetland and Eglinton Stakes contain no names of especial note, and as the Southrons are hardly likely to send competitors so far north, the two races may fall to *Prevention* or the *Nymph colt*. The Hopeful and Fitzwilliam Stakes at Doncaster have far better entries, and while we incline to the chance of *Dourance* in the former, the best of Mr. Vyner's, probably *Lizzie Lindsay*, may be formidable in the latter contest. Coming south again, *Moccoco* reads best in the Salisbury Stakes,

and the selected of Danebury for the Wilton Park and Longford Castle Stakes; while at Harpenden, in the Alexandra Stakes, *Illuminata* might carry her penalty home successfully, and the Rothamstead Stakes looks like falling to *Moccoco*, win or lose his Salisbury engagement.

Beyond the advance of Falmouth, there is very little to record in the Derby market, though one or two of the outside division have experienced an Irish rise, notably Sir Bevy's, for whose chance many people at Newmarket entertained more than a sneaking fancy. However, horses beaten at home frequently do better in public, and we shall expect the little black to carry Mr. Acton's jacket pretty conspicuously, though he is hardly class enough to repeat the Favonius coup of "my uncle." SKYLARK.

ATHLETICS, CRICKET, AQUATICS, &c.

Now that the cricket season has fairly commenced, I may as well, in my opening remarks, remind my readers that it will be impossible for me, in the space allotted for this letter, to discuss in full the doings in connection with any particular sport, and I hope I shall escape giving offence through omissions.

Glancing through the cricket doings since my last, the first match which meets my eye is the Cambridge University Seniors, which ended last Saturday in a draw. Mr. Jarvis's eleven made 163 runs in their first innings, G. L. King, Trinity, H. Wood, Sidney, and R. Miller, Jesus, being top scorers, with 60, 45 and 22; and in their second 184, for the loss of three wickets; R. S. Jones, Emmanuel, not out, 92; O. P. Lancashire, Jesus, 32; and G. L. King, not out, 35, conducting to such a grand result. The opposing team, captained by the Hon. A. Lytton, ran together 196, through the agency of 53 from C. Pigg, Peterhouse; 40 from C. W. Foley, King's; and 33, not out, from the captain.

Adverse weather on Wednesday prevented the match Cambridge First Eleven *versus* Next Sixteen being played out. In their first essay the sixteen obtained 179 runs, and in the second 114 for eleven wickets, G. B. Studd, Trinity, making the highest individual score, although the palm was carried off by H. P. Boulton, St. John's, 25 and 19, both not outs, and he was also very successful with the leather, taking four wickets. The eleven came out well with a total of 243, A. G. Steel 48, R. S. Jones 31, A. F. J. Ford 61, and H. Wood, not out, 44, being the principal contributors.

Such advantage as did accrue in the match Seniors *versus* Juniors of the Royal Engineers certainly lay with the former. The Juniors made 168 and 214. W. L. Stafford 47 and 18, B. Russell 29 and 41, W. A. Cairnes 23 and 26, showed well; whilst their opponents ran together 259, mainly through a grand essay of 107 from D. A. Johnston, and 61 from Captain Mathieson, but they had lost three wickets for 36 runs when stumps were drawn.

"Dick" Humphrey, I am glad to state, is getting about. Oxford gave Cambridge a rare beating in the inter-bicycle competition, last Saturday, on the Dark Blue ground. There were three races, viz., distant two miles, ten miles, and twenty-five miles. H. R. Reynolds, New College, Oxford, won the first-named in 6min 13-5sec; F. G. Mayor, St. John's College, Cambridge, being a moderate second. A. A. E. Weir, Worcester College, Oxford, landed the ten miles in 31min 6 1-5sec, doing the best on record from six to ten miles, and the last of the three events also went to the Dark Blues, W. L. Ainslie, New College, Oxford, winning, after a marvellous race, by a couple of yards from C. St. F. Christie, Exeter College; the time given, 1 hour 19min 23sec, being almost more than I can credit (although I do not say it is not correct), knowing the peculiarities of University clocking.

Trial races have been occupying the attention of the leading metropolitan clubs the past few days. On Saturday the West London had two eights afloat, J. W. Needham's crew winning, and a similar race of the Kingston fell to Mr. F. R. Adams' boat. The London were out on Monday, when C. G. Ellis's crew won the eights, and J. H. Dickinson's the fours; whilst on Tuesday the Thames eights fell to C. Dangerfield's crew.

The second spring meeting of the London A.C. last Saturday was well worthy to rank with those which have preceded it since the brothers Waddell have held the management, despite the powerful counter attraction of the Clapham Rovers meeting at Wandsworth. H. Venn and H. H. Sturt were unopposed for the two challenge cups they are holders of, and Hazen Wood had no difficulty in retaining possession of the Mile, S. K. Holman, the challenger, being unable to make him extend himself. Although scratch man in the 150 Yards Open Handicap, C. L. Lockton won cleverly by half a yard in the good time of 15 1-5 sec, but Allan who was second, just turned the tables at a yard difference in his favour. When the pair met again in the 120 Yards Hurdle Race (time, 17 3-5 sec), only a foot however divided them. S. H. Baker, L.A.C., 13 yards' start, won the Open 300 Yards Handicap easily, in 32sec, as did H. E. Tomkins, 65 yards' start, the club 1,000 Yards Handicap. It was very hard lines for the veteran, C. H. Mason, 15 yards' start, to be just beaten by J. S. Satterthwaite, who had 220 yards in the Two Miles Open Handicap (time, 9min 51 1-5sec), and this leaves only the Two Miles Bicycle Handicap, which fell to J. R. Hamilton, L.A.C., 110 yards, in 6min 6 1-5sec.

Emigrating from their old quarters at Clapham, the Rovers of that ilk decided their annual sports last Saturday, on their own field, at Wandsworth, but despite the excellent arrangements of the hon. sec., H. S. Bevington, the *réunion* was not the success it should have been, and as no times were taken a mere summary of events will suffice. G. H. Dodd won the Hundred; P. Fairclough the Hurdles; E. J. Beal, 90 yards, the One Mile Handicap; H. S. Payne, 8 yards, the 120 Yards Handicap; J. F. Muspratt, Barnes F.C., 23 yards, the Open Quarter of a Mile Handicap; J. F. M. Prinsep, 18 yards, the club event at that distance; P. Fairclough the 250 Yards Hurdle Handicap, with 20 yards' start; F. Chattaway, Richmond F.C., 85 yards, the Open One Mile Handicap; E. J. Beal, 50 yards, the 880 Yards Handicap; H. A. Bryden and F. W. Collier the Three-legged Race, and Whalley's team the Tug of War.

Dulwich Upper School sports are always an enjoyable outing, last Saturday's *réunion* being no exception to the general rule. F. H. Bell and E. A. Delcomyn were principal performers amongst the seniors, and the two events open to Old Alleynians fell respectively to Howard and Manfield.

At the Leeds Grammar School sports, on the same afternoon, V. Royle and P. Lambert divided nearly the whole of the prizes. Splendid entries were obtained for the Burley-in-Wharfedale sports, held on Saturday last, but, no doubt, owing to a restriction as to the fullest allowance of limit in the majority of events the handicapper did not come off very well; this, however, considering that Mr. W. Platt filled that office, is somewhat strange. C. Scharff, of Bradford, a neophyte with 6 yards' start, just landed the Hundred; H. F. Lowe, Hornsea C.C., 20 yards' start, secured the 880 Yards Handicap; W. Greenwood, at 5ft 6in, won the High Jump; G. T. Dobell, of Stoke, landed the Quarter of a Mile Handicap from scratch; H. Mason, Leeds F.C., 100 yards' start, the One Mile Handicap; D. Kemp, Birkenhead, 4 yards' start, the 220 Yards Handicap; and R. Watson Rusholme, scratch, the Three-quarters of a Mile Steeple-

chase; but in no single instance, with the exception of the Hundred, was there a close finish. In the club events, T. Pawson, A. Marshall, and E. Oldfield were to the fore.

Not far short of five thousand persons witnessed the Moseley Football Club sports, at Ashton Lower Ground, Birmingham, on Saturday last. There were eight events on the programme, and valuable prizes being offered, several first-class men put in an appearance. W. G. George, of the Worcester B.C., was in form again, he taking the 600 Yards Level Race in 78sec, beating J. D. Sadler, L.A.C., J. G. Chidlaw, B.A.C., and H. M. Oliver; and the Mile Handicap, from scratch, but the time in the latter event, 4min, 29secs, I cannot quite swallow. T. E. Parks, an introduced man, with 8 yards, landed the 120 Yards Handicap, T. A. Davidson, N.W.B.C., 300 yards' start, the Two Miles Bicycle Handicap, but only by a yard; J. H. Plant, Stourbridge, F.C., 15 yards, the Quarter of a Mile Handicap; A. T. T. Porter, Leicester A.S. 12 yards, the 300 Yards Hurdle Handicap; R. Colley, the One Mile Steeplechase Handicap, with 80 yards; and the Members' 220 Yards Handicap fell to W. H. Westwood, 3 yards' start.

A very useful adjunct to the athletics' library has been forwarded to me, i.e., the "Amateur Athletic Annual for 1878." It has been very carefully compiled, despite the labour which such a task entails, and a careful study of the matter it contains has enabled me to discover no *errata* worthy of specification. Mr. H. C. Powell, of Walsall, deserves the thanks of every athlete in the country, and the only regret one has in perusing his work is that no notes on training are appended. "Notes on the Past Year" are at once instructive and readable. W. Henry Robinson, Steam Printing Works, Walsall, is the publisher.

If nothing unforeseen happens to Gale, he will, on Saturday evening next, at a few minutes to ten, complete his task of walking 2,500 miles in 1,000 hours, but he has not strictly adhered to his intention of completing five furlongs every consecutive fifteen minutes, as twice last Saturday in the early morning he was outside the quarter, viz., when he started at 1h 2min 54sec, and did not finish until 1h 15min 5sec, and at 5h 2min 5sec, when his journey extended to 5h 15min 15sec. This I only mention for the sake of accuracy, but as I had to leave last Sunday I cannot vouch for this week's doings.

With permission of my editor I will here take the opportunity of thanking Mr. and Mrs. Crowther and family, of the Peel Park Hotel, Bradford, for their kind attention and true Yorkshire hospitality during the fortnight I was there.

Hampton Court was alive with bicyclists on Saturday afternoon, when the fifth annual monster meet took place. It was estimated that close upon 2,000 riders were in attendance, twenty-six provincial and seventy-eight metropolitan clubs being represented. This speaks volumes for the movement.

EXON.

THE AMATEURS.

Amateurs are requested to send early notice of any performance they desire announced or reviewed; in the latter case enclosing a programme and two tickets. Advertisements must be forwarded to the Publisher by first post on Thursday mornings to insure insertion in the current week's issue.

THE ALEXANDRA DRAMATIC CLUB gave the second performance of their eighth season on Thursday, the 1st inst., at St. George's Hall. The bill consisted of two new and original pieces, written by members of the club. The first one, a comedieta in one act, entitled *A Warrior Bold*, from the pen of C. S. Lee, contains some good work, but it requires considerable "cutting" and compressing before it can be really satisfactory. The dialogue at times is bright and clever, and if this be Mr. C. S. Lee's first appearance as a dramatic author I beg to offer him my sincere congratulations. But by all means let him stick to writing plays, and leave the representation of them to others, for as an actor he is not a success. Not only is he very uncertain when dealing with the letter H, but his manner is fidgety and uneasy, and when playing Felix Pheersome in his own farce I don't think he stood still for a single moment during the whole time he was on the stage. Mr. J. Bacon's make-up as Mr. Job Dormant was really a picture, and had he been able to sustain the manner of speech he adopted at first, there would have been little to find fault with. Mr. H. F. Clinton was easy and natural as Dick Stirling, the lover, but he has a bad habit of dropping his voice at the end of a sentence. Mr. A. Bishop's Major had not a redeeming point about it. He appeared in a military undress frock coat, and a pair of light trousers. When declaring his love for Rose, he spread out his hand, not where the heart is generally supposed to be, but where the buckle of his sword belt would have come, had he worn one. Miss L. Henderson played charmingly as the strong-willed Mrs. Pheersome, but Miss Jessie Carlyon was hard and noisy as Rose. The second piece, *Deserted*, written by the Vice-President of the club, Mr. Robert Hall, was described as a comedy drama; there was, however, very little of the comedy about it, and a considerable amount of drama. It was, in fact, a melodrama, in which virtue is at last triumphant, and vice

gets penal servitude for life, or less. Lack of space forbids me telling the story of the plot, but I may mention that Mr. Hall arranged a very striking situation at the end of the first act, and a very absurd one at the end of the second, the last scene of which is supposed to take place in a young lady's lodgings at some hour between midnight and 7 a.m. The *dénouement* is brought about by clumsy means, and the character of the hero's mother is unnatural and revolting. A word of praise is due to the manner in which the scenery for the third scene in Act III. (foot-bridge by Trevellyn Park) was arranged; it really was a stage picture. Now for the characters. Mr. Edgar Wallace was easy and manly as Doctor Eltham, the *deus ex machina* of the piece; Mr. Robert Hall was rather colourless as the hero, Victor Trevellyn. And why slow music should have been played whenever he appeared on the stage I know not: it was a silly piece of affectation. Mr. C. S. Lee failed to make anything of the part of Arthur Fairlie, but this was perhaps as much the author's as the actor's fault. Mr. Charles Melville (Herbert Mayland) made a true transpontine villain, very much given to long speeches, passing forged notes, and cheating at cards. He was hardly as certain of his H's as he might have been. The smallest part, Sam, a comic footman, was undoubtedly the best played of the characters, by Mr. G. A. Hall. Miss L. Henderson made up splendidly as Mr. Trevellyn, and did all that could be done with such a part. Miss Pattie Bell made a pleasing Florence. Miss Kate Carlyon suffered many wrongs most patiently as the heroine Constance, and Miss Jessie Carlyon was the servant Mary.

TOM STYLUS.

PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

ALEXANDRA PARK MEETING.

FRIDAY, MAY 7.

THE ALEXANDRA PLATE.—Mr. S. Western's Saltier (F. Archer), 1; Lady Blanche, 2; Vanderbilt, 3. 8 ran.
THE AUCTION PLATE.—Mr. Nasmith's Eastern Empress (Constable), 1; Combat, 2; Denzil Place, 3. 10 ran.
THE FLYING TWO-YEAR-OLD PLATE.—Captain Patrick's Lady Lovelace (C. Wood), 1; Burnt Cake, 2; Little Jack, 3. 7 ran.
THE MIDDLESEX HANDICAP.—Colonel Byrne's Financier (Weedon), 1; Laurier, 2; Fresco, 3. 7 ran.
THE TOLLINGTON PLATE.—Mr. G. Masterman's Lady Dixie (Hall), 1; Ascanius, 2; Gadfly, 3. 13 ran.
THE WELTER CUP.—Mr. W. G. Stevens's Ouse (F. Archer), 1; Philomet, 2; Red Crescent, 3. 9 ran.

SATURDAY.

THE JUVENILE PLATE.—Mr. J. C. Bedford's Saxred (Morgan), 1; Burnt Cake, 2; Guitar, 3. 7 ran.
THE PALMER'S GREEN PLATE.—Lord M. Beresford's King of Launde (A. Hall), 1; Camelia, 2; Caius, 3. 8 ran.
THE NORTH METROPOLITAN PLATE.—Mr. P. Price's Lyra colt (Barker), 1; Comet, 2; Perforce, 3. 13 ran.
THE STRAFFORD TWO-YEAR-OLD STAKES.—Mr. Frank Morton's Confetti (Huxtable), 1; St. Ann, 2. 2 ran.
A SELLING HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. C. Howard's Middle Temple (Glover), 1; Extinguish, 2; Gadfly, 3. 18 ran.
A SCURRY WELTER HANDICAP.—Mr. W. Brown's Calabria (Morgan), 1; Laurier, 2; Garter King, 3. 6 ran.

HALIFAX MEETING.

FRIDAY.

THE SELLING HUNTERS' HURDLE RACE PLATE.—Mr. Craig's Agnes Peel (W. H. Marsh), 1; Syren, 2; Abocity, 3. 8 ran.
THE HALIFAX TWO-YEAR-OLD STAKES.—Mr. J. H. Stephenson's Princess Bladud (Fagan), 1; Strathallan, 2; Sister to Wandieing Willie, 3. 4 ran.
THE CALDER VALE HANDICAP.—Mr. R. Osborne's Omega (W. Platt), 1; White Rose, 2; Kneller, 3. 5 ran.
THE HALIFAX OPEN HUNTERS' STAKES.—Mr. J. Craig's Huntingfield (W. H. Marsh), 1; Lozenge, 2; Recruit, 3. 8 ran.
THE ALL-AGED SELLING PLATE.—Mr. Hibbert's Fly by Night (Bruckshaw), 1; Oldbuck, 2; Little Bird, 3. 7 ran.
THE LICENSED VICTUALLERS' WELTER HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. T. Lindsay's Badminton (Bruckshaw), 1; Sarcason colt, 2; Prince of Orange, 3. 7 ran.

SATURDAY.

THE BEACON WELTER HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. T. Lindsay's Badminton (Bruckshaw), 1; Sarcason colt, 2; Kneller, 3. 4 ran.
THE HUNTERS' SELLING FLAT RACE PLATE.—Mr. H. Hall's Syren (Mr. G. Walker), 1; Tunstall Maid, 2; Agreement, 3. 5 ran.
THE SAVILE PARK PLATE.—Mr. J. H. Stephenson's Princess Bladud (Fagan), 1; Strathallan, 2; Elsham Lass filly, 3. 5 ran.
THE HALIFAX SPRING HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. Jardine's Filchard (G. Cooke), 1; Helios, 2; Umbria, 3. 6 ran.
THE WEST RIDING SELLING STAKES.—Mr. T. Greave's Unicorn (Snowden), 1; Fly by Night, 2; Little Bird, 3. 7 ran.
THE HUNTERS' FLAT RACE PLATE.—Mr. J. Craig's Huntingfield (Mr. H. Marsh), 1; Puck, 2; Moorhen, 3. 8 ran.

NEWMARKET SECOND SPRING MEETING.

TUESDAY.

A WELTER HANDICAP.—Count F. de Lagrange's Camembert (J. Goater), 1; Blue Mountain, 2; Velleda, 3. 5 ran.
MAIDEN PLATE.—Lord Calthorpe's The Doe colt (F. Archer), 1; Serpolette II., 2; Aurelie, 3. 4 ran.
A SELLING WELTER STAKES.—Mr. R. S. Evans's Royal (F. Webb), 1; Garswood, 2; Lindisfarne, 3. 5 ran.
THE NEWMARKET SPRING HANDICAP.—Count F. de Lagrange's Prologue (R. Morris), 1; Paul's Cray, 2; Village Maid colt, 3. 10 ran.
MATCH.—Mr. W. Thorold's Stenathayon (F. Archer), 1; Octave, 2. 2 ran.
THE NEWMARKET TWO-YEAR-OLD PLATE.—Count F. de Lagrange's Océanie (J. Goater), 1; Sabella, 2; Early Morn, 3. 10 ran.
MATCH.—Mr. H. Owen's Mangostan (F. Archer), 1; Dreamland, 2. 2 ran.
THE BURVELL STAKES.—Lord Falmouth's Muley Edris (F. Archer), 1; Reconciliation, 2; Elf King, 3. 8 ran.
A SELLING STAKES.—Captain Macchell's Aventurier (F. Archer), 1; Elsham Lad, 2. 2 ran.

CONTINUATION OF AUCTIONS, &c.

NORFOLK.—A Domain of 6,556 acres.—The Wretling-hall Estate, one of the finest and most compact sporting properties in the United Kingdom, comprising the entire parishes of East and West Wretling, situate about four miles from the town and station of Thetford on the Norwich Section of the Great Eastern Railway, six miles from Watton, 18 from Bury St. Edmund's, only three hours' journey by rail from London, within easy reach of the principal watering places on the East Coast, and surrounded by the important estates of the Right Honourable Lord Walsingham, Sir Robert Buxton, Bart., Sir Edward Kerrison, Bart., Captain Bennett, and Henry Partridge, Esq. The mansion, which is substantially brick built and slated, and in excellent repair, stands in the centre of the park, is surrounded by tastefully laid-out grounds; contains on the ground floor, lobby, noble saloon entrance and inner halls, suite of reception rooms, including drawing-room, dining room, library, billiard room, study, and water-closet; first floor, nine principal bed rooms, two dressing rooms, boudoir, and two water-closets; second floor, four bedrooms, three store rooms, and water-closet; in west wing, first floor, school room, governess' bedroom, day and night nurseries, five bedrooms, and water-closet; second floor, five women and three men's attic bedrooms, ample and suitably arranged domestic offices, and capital dry wine and beer cellars. The stabling include six loose boxes, four stalls, three coach-houses, harness, saddle, and two corn rooms, fire-engine house, four groom's bed rooms, dog kennels, &c. In rear are dairy, game, larder, and gun room. The house and stables are well supplied with good spring water, and gas is laid on. The kitchen gardens are walled in and well-stocked with fruit and other trees in good bearing; they include ranges of vineries, two peach houses, plant and stove houses, melon and cucumber pits, mushroom house, fruit, seed, and store rooms, potting shed, &c. Leading from the residence to the ruins of West Wretling church is the church walk through tastefully laid-out flower garden, bordered by choice evergreen and flowering shrubs of luxuriant growth. The two principal approaches to the mansion are by broad carriage drives through ornamental plantations and parklike land, with lodges at entrance from the public roads. The property includes the home farm, the village of East Wretling, several farms, with good residences and commodious homesteads, several small

occupations, numerous cottages, and large enclosures of arable, pasture, and woodland, the whole embracing an area of 6,556 acres absolutely, in a ring fence. The mansion, park, and some of the farms are in hand, the remainder are let to responsible tenants. The property is well stocked with game, and from its compactness and the large extent of cover, nearly 800 acres, most unusual opportunities for the preservation of a large head of game are offered; a total of 21,000, including rabbits, was killed in the season 1878-1879. There is a Postal Telegraph office on the estate, and a railway station within a mile and a half of the mansion. The adjoining estates are all strictly preserved. The several large meres on the estate afford excellent fishing and wild fowl shooting, and upon one there is a decoy in which quantities of wild duck are annually taken. Included in the sale is the Advowson, or perpetual right of presentation to the Rectory of East and West Wretling, the gross income from which is about £600 per annum.

MESSRS. BEADEL and Co. are instructed to offer the above valuable ESTATE for SALE by AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, London, E.C., on THURSDAY, the 19th June, 1879, at one o'clock precisely, in one lot. Particulars, with plans and conditions of sale, may be obtained of Messrs. Birch, Ingrams, and Harrison, Solicitors, 68, Lincoln's-inn-fields, W.C.; at the Mart; and with orders to view, of Messrs. Beadel and Co., 97, Gresham-street, London, E.C.

HANTS, in the New Forest.—Bartley-lodge, in the parish of Eling, a Freehold Residential Property, comprising a commodious and substantially-built residence, fitted and arranged with every regard to comfort and convenience, occupying an elevated position in this charming and attractive part of the county, distant 2½ miles from Lyndhurst-road and four from Totton, both stations on the London and South-Western Railway; eight miles from Southampton and 12 from Lymington. The residence is approached by carriage drives through two prettily designed lodges from the Lyndhurst-road and Bartley-green, and stands in the centre of a small and nicely timbered park, surrounded by well-disposed pleasure grounds studded with choice shrubs and conifers. It contains the following accommodation:—Entrance-hall, dining and drawing rooms, the latter opening into conservatory, morning room, boudoir, library, billiard-room, and lavatory; ten principal bed and dressing rooms, night and day nurseries, two water-closets, eight secondary bed-

rooms, ample and well-arranged domestic offices and excellent dry cellars in basement. At a suitable distance and screened from view of the house are capital stabling for nine horses, harness room, double coachhouse, and two servants' rooms and hays; also a small farmery, including stable, cart shed, cowhouse, engine-room fitted with stationary engine, force pump, and other machinery, carpenter's shop, forge, &c. The walled-in kitchen garden is productive and well stocked with the choicest wall and other fruit trees; there is also a double vinery, stove-house, brick pit, &c. The property is exceedingly compact, comprises in a ring fence a total area of 50 acres, and enjoys extensive forest rights. The district is proverbial for the salubrity of the air and for the beauty of its forest scenery. There is an abundant supply of spring and soft water laid on throughout.

MESSRS. BEADEL and Co. are instructed by the Proprietor to offer the above ESTATE for SALE by AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, London, on THURSDAY, the 19th of June, 1879, at one o'clock precisely. Particulars, with plan and conditions of sale, may be obtained of Messrs. Beadel and Co., 97, Gresham-street, London, E.C.

ESSEX, near Colchester.—A Freehold Residential Property, known as Whitehall, situate about a mile from the Hythe and St. Botolph stations on the Wivenhoe Branch of the Great Eastern Railway, and only 2½ miles from the main-line station, from which there is an excellent service of express and ordinary trains to London. An exceedingly compact and enjoyable property, with immediate possession. It comprises a substantially-built and well-arranged residence, of pleasing elevation, occupying a high and delightful position overlooking the town, standing in the centre of a prettily-timbered, small park, with enclosures of productive arable and pasture land surrounding; the whole containing 684. 1r. 4p. The residence, surrounded by pleasure grounds and shrubberies, intersected by shaded walks, is placed at a suitable distance from the high road leading from Colchester to Donyland, and to which it has a considerable frontage, is approached by a carriage drive with neat lodge entrance, and contains three reception rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms, with ample domestic offices and dry cellars in basement. Near are capital stabling, coach-houses, walled-in kitchen garden, with vinery, &c., orchard, gardener's cottage, small farmery, and dwelling-house. The premises are abundantly supplied with

excellent water. The residence, park, and gardens are in hand. The farm premises and 34 acres of land are at present held by Mr. R. J. Sage, whose tenancy terminates at Michaelmas next.

MESSRS. BEADEL and Co. are instructed to offer the above ESTATE for SALE by AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, London, in June next. Particulars, with plans and conditions of sale, may be obtained of Messrs. Janson, Cobb, and Pearson, solicitors, 41, Finsbury-circus, E.C.; at the Mart; and of Messrs. Beadel and Co., 97, Gresham-street, London, E.C.

Stalls at Her Majesty's Theatre, Haymarket.—By direction of Trustees.

RUSHWORTH, ABBOTT, and RUSHWORTH will SELL by AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, Bank of England, E.C., on TUESDAY, May 20th, at 1 for 2 o'clock, in one lot, TWO PIT STALLS (transferable), respectively numbered 134 and 135, and occupying excellent positions, at HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, Haymarket. Full particulars may be obtained of G. T. Powell, Esq., Solicitor, 11, Fanciers-lane, Chancery, E.C.; and of the Auctioneers, 22, Savile-row, Regent-street, W.

LOCH FYNESIDE, Argyllshire.—To LET, Furnished, for three years from Whitsunday, 1879, KILMORY HOUSE. Large drawing and dining rooms, library, picture gallery, boudoir, eleven bed rooms, four with dressing rooms, usual servants' and office accommodation; six-stalled stable, double coach house; extensive garden and pleasure grounds; good yacht anchorage, use of private quay and bathhouse; shooting hill and low ground, 3000 to 3500 acres, grouse, black game, woodcock, and usual low ground game. From Ardaraigh three miles, Lochgilphead one mile; free delivery of telegrams at house; daily steamer from Greenock four hours; Episcopal church; good medical advice; tenant pays occupier's taxes, proprietor keeps up garden and grounds.—Apply to view to Mr. Aitchison, Farm Overseer, Kilmory, Lochgilphead; a few days' notice desirable.

DEVON.—To be SOLD, by Private Contract, desirable compact ESTATE, 503 acres, farm houses, buildings, cottages; close to station on new line of railway; situation healthy; southern aspect; land good, capable of great improvement in value: as a sporting estate scarcely to be equalled.—Address "M.S." Abbotsham, Bideford.

A SWEEPSTAKES.—Lord March's Khabara (C. Wood), 1; Au Revoir, 2. 2 ran.

WEDNESDAY.

THE DERBY TRIAL HANDICAP.—Mr. D. Milner's St. Cuthbert (Elliott), 1; Thornfield, 2; Alpha, 3. 6 ran.
A TWO-YEAR-OLD STAKES.—Mr. C. Bush's Belfry (T. Cannon), 1; May Queen, 2; Mocclo, 3. 5 ran.
MATCH.—Lord Hartington's Poursuivant (J. Goater), 1; Lady Derwentwater, 2. 2 ran.
A TWO-YEAR-OLD SELLING STAKES.—Mr. D. Milner's Magdalene (Constable), 1; Dreamland, 2; Antyeera, 3. 9 ran.
A SELLING PLATE.—Mr. H. Owen's Paramatta (F. Archer), 1; Elsham Lad, 2; Lindisfarne, 3. 16 ran.
THE JUVENILE PLATE.—Lord Hartington's Fairy Form colt (Gallon), 1; Home Rule, 2; Secret, 3. 4 ran.
A HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES.—Prince Bathfany's Episcopus (Morris), 1; The Don, 2; Knight of the Thistle, 3. 3 ran.
THE DITCH MILE HANDICAP.—Mr. Alexander's Thunderstone (Huxtable), 1; Aventurier, 2; Callistos, 3. 4 ran.
THE ROUS STAKES.—Duke of Hamilton's Lollypop (Custance), w.o. for fts.

THURSDAY.

THE EXING TWO YEAR OLD PLATE.—Mr. H. E. Beddington's Brother to Ersilia (F. Archer), 1; Gil Blas, 2; Early Morn, 3. 5 ran.
A WELTER HANDICAP.—Mr. E. Hobson's Leith (Greaves), 1; Episcopus, 2; Dumnow, 3. 14 ran.
SELLING STAKES.—Captain Macchell's Moonstone (Constable), 1; Antyeera, 2; Indiana, 3. 6 ran.
THE FLYING HANDICAP.—Mr. C. Bush's Beddington (Gallon), 1; Athol Lad, 2; Bondman, 3. 10 ran.
THE SECOND SPRING TWO-YEAR-OLD STAKES.—Lord March's Khabara (C. Wood), 1; Vol-au-Vent, 2; Serpolette II., 3. 6 ran.
SELLING STAKES.—Sir J. D. Astley's Wellington (C. Wood), 1; King of Launde, 2; Knight of the Thistle, 3. 4 ran.
A PLATE.—Lord Fitzwilliam's Pedagogue (Gallon), 1; King Duncan, 2; Strathern, 3. 6 ran.

FOREIGN RACING INTELLIGENCE.

PARIS SPRING MEETING.

SUNDAY.

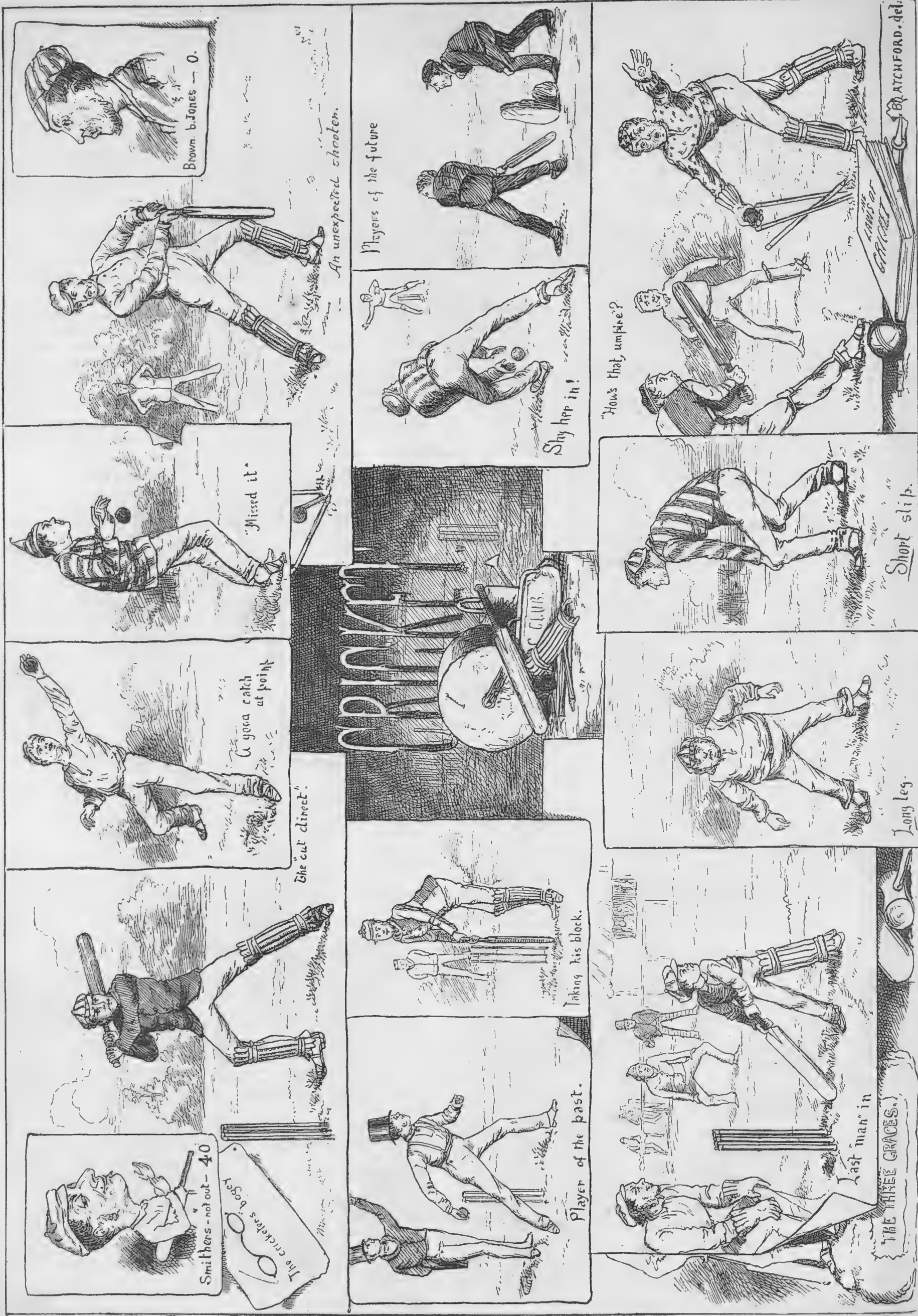
PRIX DES TERTRES.—M. Khan's Muscadin II., (G. Mills), 1; Quaker, 2; Mourad, 3. 8 ran.
PRIX DU TROCADERO.—Count de Lagrange's Palatin (W. McDonald), 1; Nereisse, 2; Satisfaction, 3. 9 ran.
GRAND POULE DES PRODUITS.—M. Fould's Salteador (Hunter), 1; Flavio II., 2; Commandant, 3; Ismael, 4. 8 ran.
PRIX DU LAC.—M. Delamarre's Bruyère (J. Bartholomew), 1; Double Blanc, 2; Ellevion, 3. 15 ran.
PRIX DE NEULLY.—M. Ephrussi's Fils de l'Air (Covey), 1; Belle Isle, 2; Michael Ange, 3. 7 ran.
PRIX DE COURBEVOIE.—M. Fould's Stathouder (Hunter), 1; Cristina, 2; Faisan, 3. 6 ran.

Our readers are reminded that the stakes for the Hampton Summer Races close on June 3rd. Valuable additions have been made to these stakes, for particulars of which see advertisement elsewhere.

STUD NEWS.

WOODLANDS STUD (Mr. Van Haansbergen's), Knitsley Station, Consett Branch, North Eastern Railway, co. Durham.—Duke of Buccleuch's mare by Chief Baron, a filly by Rabbitttrap, and put to Macgregor. Sir John Marjoribank's Belladonna a brown colt by Argyle, and put to him again. Mr. H. Milne Walker's Lady Agnes by Lozenge, a bay filly by Macgregor, and put to him again. Mr. Van Haansbergen's Miss Tatton, a bay filly by King Lud, and put to Claremont. Mr. W. Brown's Honoria (dam of Brown Tom) by Chesterdale, a brown filly by Macgregor, and put to Claremont. Lord Boyne's mare, a colt foal by Nuncheon, and put to Argyle. Mr. F. Snowball's mare, a chestnut filly by Argyle, and put to Claremont. Mr. Van Haansbergen's Sandstone, by Stockwell, a chestnut colt, by Macgregor, and put to him again. Mr. G. G. Taylor Smith's Club Queen, by Leamington, a brown filly by Macgregor, and put to Argyle. Mr. H. Clay's Lady of Urrina, by Lord Lyon, a bay filly by King Lud, and put to Macgregor. Mr. G. Oliver's Palmer mare, a brown filly by Stratheconan, and put to Macgregor. Mr. Jas. Watson's The Bee (dam of Drone) by Lord Clifden, a filly, by Macgregor, and put to him again. Mr. Jas. Watson's Miss Emily, a chestnut colt by Macgregor, and put to him again. Mr. Van Haansbergen's Seylla (dam of Lili, &c.) by Vedette, a bay colt by Blue Gown. Mr. G. Oliver's mare by Rococo, a chestnut filly by Camballo, and put to Macgregor. Dr. Benson's La Rucella, by Charleston, a chestnut colt, by Argyle, and put to Claremont. Mr. W. Barry's Ready Money, by Old Robert, a bay colt by Argyle, and put to Claremont. Mr. C. E. Morgan's Ghaditaur mare, a chestnut filly by Macgregor, and put to him again. Mr. Jas. Gowland's Approbation, by Thormanby, a brown filly by Kaiser, and put to Claremont. Mr. F. Greenwell's mare, a black or grey filly by Argyle, and put to him again. Mr. B. Lee's mare, a bay colt, and put to Claremont; Mr. Van Haansbergen's Cassandra (dam of Black Knight), a black filly by Thunder, and put to Claremont; Mr. Van Haansbergen's mare by Lord Clifden, a bay colt by Macgregor, and put to him again. Arrived to Macgregor: Mr. J. M. Jennings's Lady Murray (dam of Lady Palmer, &c.), by Blair Athol; Mr. John Brown's Princess Royal, by Laughing Stock; Lord Aberlour's Slander, by Knight of Kars; Mr. Jas. Gowland's Una (dam of Duke Dayrell), by Ellington. Arrived to Claremont: The Earl of Holme's mare, maiden; Mr. G. Oliver's filly by Argyle, maiden; Mr. John Claverling's Mousie; Mr. Wilson Furness's Satisfaction, by Remus; Mr. H. Longstaff's Brigantine, by Buceoner (in foal to Argyle); July (dam of Vale Royal, &c.); Mr. W. R. Trotter's Campanula, by Lambton; Mr. J. S. Straker's mare. Arrived to Argyle: The Duke of Buccleuch's Coquet, by Chief Baron; Mr. Jackson's mare; Mr. C. E. Hunter's mare; Mr. Hugh Fenwick's mare.

THE HORSE.—How to MAKE THRIVE.—"All sorts of evils," said Dr. Abernethy, "come out of the stomach; bad eyes, blotched noses, and gouty toes." So we say of the numerous ills that overtake the horse, the stomach is at fault; but bring the horse under the influence of these soothing, renovating, and strengthening medicaments, DRY, SON, & HENRY'S "Red Paste Balls," or "Red Condition Powders," in ill-condition, husky cough, sore eyes, loss of appetite, staring coat, swollen legs and joints or whatever else the ailment, it must vanish, and give place to sound digestion, firm muscle, long-enduring powers, and high mettle. 22, Dorset-street, Baker-street, London, W.—[ADVT.]



OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

If I had not got the wholesome dread of the British Public which I undoubtedly possess, I would say, "B.P., you are an ass!" But, considering the highly-defined fear I feel, I must refrain from any such remarks. Notwithstanding this, I may, as the proverbial parrot did, think a good deal though saying little; or, still better, express my feelings in a political manner, in which A stands for Z and black meaneth white. In this case,



British Public, you are the most discerning fellow in the world. There is nothing you think or do that is not absolutely and altogether correct. Especially in matters of music and the drama (and with this alone has thy servant to deal) your taste and discernment are perfect. You know exactly what to patronise and what to neglect. You are the last in the world to follow the Bellwether of fashion pell-mell in a crowd through



Miss Minnie Marshall as Berginella
(One of the Three Cousins)

the gap in the hedge. Having said so much, allow me to introduce you to Madame Dolaro. Some months ago she was Carmen at Her Majesty's Opera House. She was triumphant: her acting was all that could be wished; her voice, though somewhat overpowered by the size of the house, was sweet, melodious, and expressive. You seemed in every night to split your gloves in rapturous

applause, and Mr. Carl Rosa "reaped the reward of his pluck, my boy," and closed a successful season with this most successful production. Minnie Hauk and Trebelli were not after this absolute in the part of the pretty cigarette-maker. Dolaro, as the new exponent of the part, grappling with the difficulties presented by English libretto, held her own in the opinions of highly competent judges. The opera over, Madame Dolaro takes unto herself a tiny theatre, where all the subtlety of her art and sweetness of her vocal powers may be enjoyed without any strain or inconvenience. Warm from the successes of the opera house, where you crutch-sticked and tooth-picked your way into your stall at an early hour, lest you should be crowded out, she offers you, as her own little venture, an excellent opera-bouffe, illustrated by her charming self and a first-class company. You wouldn't have it. Well, try again. So the disappointed but plucky manageress does, and offers you her very best performance, *La Perichole*, which she is at present playing to about half the number of people that ought, under the most ordinary circumstances, to make their appearance in the Folly Theatre. B. P.! B. P.! you're the most awfully clever fellow, you know, but still you are sometimes just a *little* bit eccentric in your movements; but of course all clever people are more or less eccentric; and of course it logically follows that the more eccentric you are the cleverer you must be. It cannot surely be possible that everybody in London saw *La*



Mr. Henry Nicholls as
Don Andres

Perichole some time ago when it was produced at the Royalty Theatre under the direction of Mr. D'Oyle Carte! Those who did, and who have also seen the present revival at the Folly, will miss a great deal that helped to make its original success. It has been most injudiciously cut, in some parts beyond recognition. True, Madame Dolaro's excellent performance remains intact; she is as pathetic and as humorous as of old; she sings the drunken song as no other lady on the English stage could sing it. I imagine the most difficult task you could set before a good-looking, graceful artist, would be to ask her to impersonate inebriety while singing a song without being in any way offensive or repulsive. Madame Dolaro has accomplished this with most commendable skill. *La Perichole*, however, loses much of her charm from the denuding of other characters. Mr. Charles J. Campbell as Piquillo, is what is really wanted in the part, and what is very seldom elicited from gentlemen who undertake tenor parts—he is decidedly manly. Mr. Henry Nicholls, who for some years has been the reigning comic favourite at the Grecian Theatre, has made his journey west, and appears in the part of Don Andres, the amorous Viceroy of Peru. Mr. Nicholls is gifted with a dry humour, which will doubtless establish his popularity at "the better end of the town" before long. Messrs. F. Wyatt and Fred Leslie work with a will in their respective parts, but these, with that of the Viceroy, have been woefully clipped. The parts of the "Three Cousins" are performed respectively by Miss Linda Verner, Miss Minnie Marshall, and Miss Nellie Maxwell. The choruses are well represented by a galaxy of lovely women. An amusing instance of filling the programme to give it an important appearance occurs; part of it reads thus—

Guadalena	Three Cousins	Miss Linda Verner
Berzinella		Miss Minnie Marshall
Masterella		Miss Nellie Maxwell
Manuelita		Miss Linda Verner
Brambilla		Miss Minnie Marshall
Ninette		Miss Nellie Maxwell

If these ladies only enjoy small and subordinate parts they certainly cannot complain on the score of not being mentioned



Mr. Charles J. Campbell as Piquillo

on the bills! Not contented with this, the ingenious soul who constructed the programme further increases its importance by announcing more interesting details thus:—"Machinery by Mr. LITTLEJOHNS, the Properties by Mr. C. J. BRUNTON, Gostumes by MONS. and MADAME ALIAS and Mr. STENCHCOMBE. The Gas Arrangements by Mr. POYNTON. Lime Light Effects by Mr. W. KERR. Perruquier, Mr. COLE. Scenery by Mr. E.



Madame Dolaro as 'La Perichole'

RYAN." What a pity not to give the public the benefit of the names of the various dressers and charwomen employed upon the establishment! and how on earth could such a sad omission occur as the names of the stage carpenters and the call boy? *La Perichole* is preceded by a farcical comedy with the numeral title of 1313. "There's luck in odd numbers," said Brian O'Lynn; in this case it has not proved the veracity of Brian's remark. As far as 1313 is concerned the less said about it the better.

THE NEW ZEALAND AGRICULTURAL COMPANY (Limited).

Capital £1,000,000, in 50,000 Shares of £20 each.
Shares already disposed of 27,233. Amount already subscribed £544,660. Amount paid up £388,665.

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Captain R. C. Mayne, R.N., C.B., 101, Queen's Gate, South Kensington.
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The Hon. W. H. Reynolds, Member of the Legislative Council of New Zealand, Director of the Colonial Bank of New Zealand.
Alfred Chetham Strode, Esq. (of Messrs. Strode and Fraser, Sheep Farmers), Chairman of the Colonial Bank of New Zealand.
G. M. Bell, Esq., Sheep Farmer.
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Bankers—The Bank of England. Ireland—The Bank of Ireland. Scotland—The Union Bank of Scotland. New Zealand—The Bank of New South Wales.
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Auditors—Messrs. Deloitte, Dever, Griffiths & Co. Secretary—John Scott Cavell, Esq.
Registered Office—No. 110, Cannon-street.
The Directors offer for sale the balance of the Shares—£1 on application and £4 one month after allotment. Applications will be dealt with in the order of their receipt.

Calls not to exceed £2 10s. each per share, or to be made at less intervals than 3 months, 1 month's notice being given. It is not expected that so much as £10 per share will be called up, but allottees desiring to pay up in full may do so, with the consent of the Directors, and interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum will be allowed on the amounts paid in advance of calls.

Below will be found a condensed Report of the First Statutory Meeting, and a copy of the reports therein referred to.

Forms of Application for Shares, and the Prospectus and copies of Maps and Reports and Valuations of the Properties, and full Report of the Statutory Meeting, can be obtained on application personally, or by post to the Secretary, 110, Cannon-street.

CONDENSED REPORT

Of the First Statutory Meeting of Shareholders, held at the City Terminus Hotel, on the 2nd May, 1879, under the Presidency of Sir Julius Vogel, K.C.M.G.

The Chairman said the Directors are glad of this opportunity of meeting their Shareholders at the First Statutory Meeting of the Company, which is required to be held, in accordance with the provisions of the Companies' Act, within four months of the date of the Company being registered. It will be remembered that an attack was made upon the Company through a newspaper published in this City, with reference to the Directors not being sufficiently assured of the titles to the properties and to the mischief which might be caused by rabbits as affecting seriously the value of the property. The Directors had no doubt themselves as to the correctness of the titles, and as to the value, they had in various ways assured themselves that they were buying the estates on favourable terms. The whole property had been officially valued by Messrs. Bastings and Pearson, at fifty per cent. in excess of the price to be paid for it as set forth in their Report. Nevertheless, in the face of the attacks which had been made, the Directors thought it desirable that before sealing the Agreement with the vendors they should place the question of the titles and the rabbits upon such a footing as would be satisfactory to the Shareholders, and gain the confidence of the public. With this view, therefore, an arrangement was entered into with the vendors whereby it was stipulated that the deposit of £40,000 should be deposited in the names of Mr. Larnach and myself, in some bank or banks, until the title to the property should be deduced and conveyances executed. It was further arranged that some competent independent person, to be appointed by the Board, should be employed to inspect and report upon the value of the properties, and that in case he should report that in his opinion the price fixed by the agreement exceeded the value of the properties as on the 2nd November last, the terms of the sale should be amended to the satisfaction of the Directors. This arrangement having been come to, the shares were allotted and the Agreement duly executed. The deposit has been made and the Secretary of the Company holds the deposit receipts. It then became necessary for the Board to select some gentleman to be employed to value the property on behalf of the Company, and I may observe the selection was made by those of the Directors who had not been connected with the vendors. The gentleman selected was the Honourable Robert Campbell, Junior, who carries on one of the largest sheep farming businesses in New Zealand. We are glad to say that the Solicitors here of the Company have received from the Solicitors in the Colony a telegram stating that the vendors' titles are satisfactory, so that any anxiety on that account is at an end.

The Company has nearly two hundred shareholders. The number of shares disposed of, including the fully paid-up shares, transferable only in the colony, allotted to the vendors as part payment, is 27,233, amounting to £544,660.

It is proposed to offer some further shares for sale. It is necessary for me to explain that the sale of these shares is not urgent, although it is desirable, because, apart from the finance question, every shareholder is likely to add to the business of the company, as you will see when I come to discuss that business. The Directors have power under the agreements so to regulate the payments to the vendors that no embarrassment from want of funds can arise. I need scarcely tell you we shall not sell any land without a very large profit. This will be sufficiently apparent to those who are acquainted with what is termed in the colonies "cutting up." "Cutting up" means acquiring land wholesale and selling it retail. It is, in fact, dealing in land instead of in goods. It is a common condition of all dealing to buy in large quantities and to sell in small. But, ordinarily, the dealer has to fear, when he takes stock, the damage inflicted by time, by rough handling, by loss of fashion, and sometimes by speculation. The dealer in land is not only exempt from these ills, but, ordinarily, his stock-taking is most satisfactory, for every piece of land he sells enhances the worth of that he keeps. As settlements extend, as towns grow up, the increase of value is very large. I may give you an example. A few days since we had information of the sale of the Totara block, in the Oamaru district. Unimproved land in this block realised from £20 to £30 an acre. A few years since it was sold by the Government at one or two pounds an acre.

I am glad to report to you that we have secured a strong Local Board, composed of four gentlemen, of whom two are wholly unconnected with the vendors. You will like to know something of the Company's business. The Company will have constantly on sale land in farms, in suburban allotments, and town allotments. That we will sell our land readily, and at a large profit, there can be no doubt. We propose to give to purchasers easy terms of payment, and we shall assist settlers in various ways. They will be able to obtain advances on their crops. We will act as their agents for the sale of produce; we may allow them, on terms, to run cattle on our leasehold lands.

I should like to call special notice to our intention to offer some of our lands for sale in this country. We propose to reserve special Blocks for this purpose,

which will be offered under terms exceptionally favourable to the settler. We think it of the first importance to induce the settlement of practical Farmers from this country upon the Company's lands. We have reason to believe that, owing to the present condition of the agricultural interests at home, many men possessed of experience and moderate capital will be found to prefer Freehold Lands in the Colonies to Leaseholds at home, more particularly when they find even less capital is required in the former than in the latter position. We propose to issue Forms of Application for this purpose, a copy of which will be sent to each shareholder. It will also be open to parents and guardians to purchase, on easy terms, land for their children or wards. Until they are prepared to send representatives or residents, they may arrange with the Company to improve and cultivate the land and put it into a condition suitable for occupation. It will become available for the use of those for whom it is purchased when they are old enough to manage it, or it may be let to tenants and a good income be secured from it. The Company will cultivate as much of its land as may be found desirable on its own account, and carry on also the business of sheep farming. The breeding of high class stock will also be a branch of the Company's operations. You know that it is proposed to take cadets. I may mention that this feature seems very popular. We have already arranged with several cadets, at premiums of three hundred guineas, and we are in negotiation with others. The Company will act as agents for the sale of properties, also as agents for absentees. It may seem to you that as we are selling off our lands, the Company may soon come to a conclusion. I have not the least doubt that from the sale of lands a great part of the purchase money will be met, and a considerable amount of capital be extinguished. But a portion of the profits arising from the sale of lands we will keep as a reserve, and invest it in other blocks of land on which we can exercise the same profitable operation of "cutting up." When I consider how enormously the price of land advances in the colony, I am convinced that when the land we shall acquire in blocks, including our land already secured, is covered with settlements, farms and towns, the land retained in the Company's hands will have attained so high a value that it would be difficult to be too sanguine as to the value of our shares in the years to come.

We have not yet received accounts of the wool which, on behalf of the Company, the vendors have sheared, and have to account for, nor have we returns of the harvest. We are, however, in possession of information which leaves no doubt that we shall be able to declare a satisfactory dividend within the next three months.

A vote of thanks was then given to the Chairman and Directors, and the meeting separated.

Copy of Report received by Telegraph Cable, From the Hon. Robert Campbell, Junr., Dated 5th May, 1879.

"Personally inspected properties, price charged to Company cheap, no injury likely to accrue from rabbits, if these ever a pest, vendors have entirely eradicated them as I did not see a dozen. Country; turpins and other crops looking splendid."

Copy of Report received by Telegraph Cable, From the Hon. W. H. Reynolds and Mr. Strode, Dated 6th May, 1879.

"Personally inspected property. Conclusion, price moderate. Company successful under good management. Rabbits no detriment. Reports false. Only saw seven during five days' inspection."

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For full particulars see Sheet Calendar 18th, May 1st.

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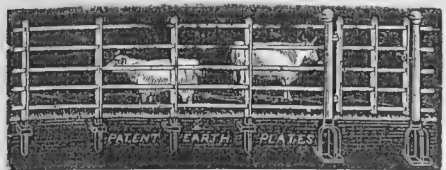
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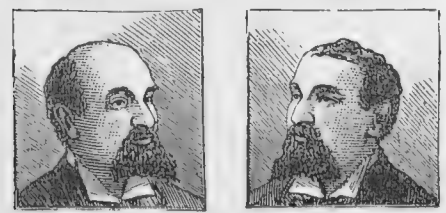
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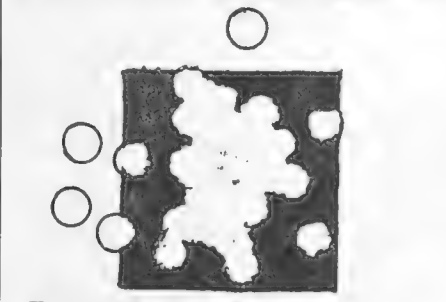
DAY, SON, & HEWITT'S STOCKBREEDERS' MEDICINE CHEST

For all Disorders in
**HORSES, CATTLE, CALVES, SHEEP
AND LAMBS.**
and particularly recommended for
**COWS CALVING AND EWES
LAMMING,**
and for
**SCOUR OR DIARRHŒA IN LAMBS
AND CALVES;**
Also for COLIC in HORSES, and all cases of
DEBILITY in STOCK.
Price complete, with Shilling Key to Farriery,
£2 18s. 6d.
Horsekeepers' Chest, £2 17s. 6d.
Carriage paid.
**22, DORSET-STREET, BAKER-
STREET, LONDON, W.**

COLTS and HORSES
BROKEN, easy mouthed and
temperate, and exercised by using
JOCKEY'S OF WHALEBONE and
GUTTA PERCHA, 70s.; hire 2s. a
week. Crib-biting Straps, from 21s.,
Safety Springs to Reins, 12s.; leg
fomenters, from 15s.; Fellock, Speedy Leg, Hock
Knee Boots.
BLACKWELL, Saddler, &c., Patentee.
259, Oxford-street. Of all saddlers.

ASK FOR AND SEE YOU GET
SPRATTS' PATENT
MEAT "FIBRINE" DOG CAKES,
Which received
PARIS EXHIBITION, 1878, HIGHEST AWARD,
And
ONLY SILVER MEDAL FOR DOG BISCUITS.
DOG MEDICINES AND DOG SOAP.
One trial solicited.
SPRATT'S PATENT, BERMONDSEY, S.E.

ROOK SEASON, 1879.
HOLLAND'S NEW PATTERN
EJECTOR RIFLE. Top lever, snap action,
rebound locks.—This rifle ejects the cartridge clean out of
the barrel upon opening. Authenticated diagram of
20 shots fired at 50 yards made before the Editor of the
ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.



HOLLAND'S celebrated Snap Action Rifle, £5.
200 shots may be fired without cleaning out.
Rifles may be tested before purchase at our ground at
Willesden. Rifles exchanged free of charge if not
approved of.
HOLLAND & HOLLAND,
98, NEW BOND STREET.

J. C. CORDING & CO.,
ONLY MAKERS OF THE
"Ildstone" Shooting Boots.
Snow and Waterproof. Require no dressing to
keep them in order.
ORIGINAL MAKERS OF THE
**VENTILATED
WATERPROOF COAT.**
For Riding, Shooting, and general use.
See *Field*, July 17th and 31st, 1869.
GUARANTEED FOR ALL CLIMATES.

J. C. CORDING & CO.
19, PICCADILLY.
(Corner of Air-street.) ONLY ADDRESS.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT
OF MEAT.
A SLIGHT ADDITION OF THE EXTRACT GIVES
GREAT STRENGTH AND FLAVOUR TO
SOUPS, MADE DISHES, AND SAUCES, AND
EFFECTS GREAT ECONOMY.
LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT
OF MEAT.
Caution. Genuine only with facsimile of Baron
Liebig's signature in blue ink across label.
LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT
OF MEAT.
In use in most households throughout the Kingdom.
LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT
OF MEAT.

FOR SALE, the pretty modelled
fast sailing cutter Yacht "SIBYL," 5 tons, or
would be Let on Hire for the season.—For particulars
apply to E. B. J., Cue Coch, Llandan, Anglesey.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

**DINNEFORD'S
FLUID
MAGNESIA**
The Medical Profession for over Forty Years have
approved of this pure solution as the best remedy for
**ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, HEART-
BURN, HEADACHE, GOUT, and
INDIGESTION,**
and as the safest Aperient for Delicate Constitutions,
Ladies, Children and Infants.
DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

HORSE AUCTIONS.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL'S

THURSDAY'S SALES

HAVE COMMENCED FOR THE SEASON.

THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL QUORN SALE.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL have received instructions from J. Coupland, Esq., Master of the Quorn Hounds, to **SELL** by AUCTION, near Albert Gate, Hyde Park, on **MONDAY, May 19**, the following valuable HORSES, which have been ridden by the Master and servants.

They are all fresh horses of a very superior class, some up to 15th, and others suitable to carry a lady. The sale will commence about two o'clock.

YOUNG HORSES.

BROWN FILLY by Lepero, dam half-bred mare, 2 yrs.
BAY COLT by Lepero, dam Egg Flipp, 2 yrs.
BAY COLT by Chattanooga, dam half-bred, 4 yrs; very promising.

WILL O'WISP, bay gelding by Wild Irishman, dam by Sunshine; up to 14th, a fine fencer, and has carried a lady.

GAMEBIRD, bay gelding by Grouse; dam by Veritas; extraordinary fine fencer, up to 14th.
SLUGGARD, brown gelding; up to 13th; a safe fencer, and has carried a lady.

ALLANCE, chestnut gelding, 6 yrs, by Confederato; up to 13th, a very fine fencer, ran well in a steeple-chase.

CONYNGHAM, bay gelding, 6 years, by Pantaloon, dam by Yellow Jack; this horse has perfect manners, a fine fencer, and quite suitable for a lady.

LIMBROCK, chestnut gelding by Zouave; up to 13th; this horse has carried Mr. Coupland three seasons; he believes him to be sound, and one of the best horses he ever rode.

CUSHAWN, bay gelding, 6 years, by Fairy Saint, dam by Black Prince, granddam by Fenian; up to 14th, a remarkably fine fencer, and fast; has carried a lady.

VILLAGE, bay gelding, 6 years, by Charnwood by The Cure, dam Brandy Sauce; has great pace and wonderfully stout, a fine fencer; this horse carried Mr. Coupland in the last run from Baggrave, without a mistake; quite suitable for a lady.

MARLBOROUGH, bay gelding, 7 years, by Knight of St. Patrick; up to 14th, a first-class horse.

PEGGY, gray mare; wonderfully clever and fast, up to any weight (Irish).

DAISY, bay mare; a sharp, clever mare, and extraordinary fine fencer.

TERRY, chestnut gelding by XX, dam by Little Tommy; this horse (up to 13th) carried the Hon. Mrs. Denison for two years over Leicestershire without a mistake; invaluable to carry a lady to hounds.

QUORN, bay gelding; up to 13th, a first-class fencer, and has carried a lady.

WELCOME, chestnut gelding; up to 13th, fine jumper, and clever short-legged horse.

MAID OF THE VALE, brown mare, 7 or aged; wonderfully clever and temperate; most perfect for a lady to ride with hounds.

CONFESSOR, bay gelding by Cardsharper; an extraordinary good horse, up to 14th.

LANDLORD, bay gelding (Irish); an extraordinary good fencer, up to 15th.

TRAVELLER, bay gelding; a slashing horse, up to 15th, and fine fencer.

BARON, bay gelding by General Hesse, dam by Birdcatcher; took a prize at the Dublin Show; up to 14th.

MATADOR, bay gelding by The Don; up to 14th, an extraordinary good horse, fine timber jumper.

DIPLOMACY, grey mare by Warrior, dam by Red Cross Knight, granddam by Mundy, 6 yrs; up to 14th, very promising mare.

DOLLY VARDEN, brown mare by Kildonan, 6 yrs; up to 14th.

LOUGHBOROUGH, bay gelding by Tom King; up to 14th, a fine fencer, and fast.

HORACE, brown gelding (Irish); a bold fencer, and fair pace.

MAID OF TULSK, bay mare (Irish), 6 yrs; up to 14th, a first-class fencer, very clever.

CONNAUGHT, grey gelding by Arthur, 5 yrs; up to 14th, a fine fencer, with great power, and very stout.

SOLICITOR, black gelding by The Lawyer, dam Canary by Orlando, granddam by Tom Steel, great granddam by Jasper, 6 yrs; up to 15th.

COUNTRY BUMPKIN, chestnut gelding (Irish), 6 yrs; very clever, up to 14th.

WILD OATS, bay gelding by Wild Oats, 6 yrs; up to 14th, a powerful horse, and very promising.

SILVER HORN, bay gelding by Zouave, dam by Golden Horn, granddam by Priam, 6 yrs; very promising, up to 14th.

GENERAL, chestnut gelding by General Hesse, dam by Portrait, granddam by Welcome, 6 yrs; this horse won two steeple-chase matches, four miles, over big courses.

COCKNEY, bay gelding by Londoner, 6 yrs; a very clever, short-legged horse, and good hack.

HACKS AND HARNESS HORSES.

CRYOLITE, chestnut gelding; good fencer, up to 15th, 16 hands, has been regularly driven in double and single harness, and in a team.

WARRIOR, black gelding, 16 hands; been driven in single and double harness, and in a team; has superior park action, very handsome, and a perfect charmer.

AMAZON, chestnut mare, 15-3 hands; a wonderfully fine goer in single and double harness, has been driven in a team.

SPECULATION, chestnut gelding, 15-3 hands; a fine goer in single and double harness, has been driven in a team.

CIGARETTE, bay mare; very handsome, good hack, and has been constantly driven by a lady.

ANNUAL SALE OF THE COTSWOLD HORSES.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL have received instructions from Arthur Holme Sumner, Esq., to **SELL** by AUCTION, near Albert Gate, Hyde Park, on **MONDAY, May 19th**, his entire **STUD**, which have been regularly ridden by the Master and servants of the Cotswold Hounds.

Full particulars in future advertisements.

THURSDAY'S SALES.

TO be SOLD by AUCTION by Messrs. TATTERSALL, near Albert Gate, Hyde Park, on **THURSDAY, May 22nd**, the stud of **EIGHTEEN HORSES**, consisting of **TEN HUNTERS** and **EIGHT HARNESS HORSES** and **HACKS**, the property of Viscount Norreys.

Also, **TWO HUNTERS**, the property of Captain the Hon. George Bertie, gone to the Cape.

Further particulars in future advertisements.

SEVENTH ANNUAL SALE.

TO be SOLD by AUCTION by Messrs. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on **MONDAY, May 26th**, 1879 (the Monday before the Derby), **SIXTEEN HORSES**, the property of James Hornsby, Esq., Grantham.

BARBICAN REPOSITORY.

MR. RYMILL will **SELL** by **PUBLIC AUCTION**, every **TUESDAY** and **FRIDAY**, commencing at **ELEVEN o'clock**, **ONE HUNDRED** and **SIXTY HORSES**, suitable for Professional Gentlemen, Tradesmen, Cab Proprietors, and others; active young Cart and Van Horses for town and agricultural work; also a large assortment of Carriages, Carls, Harness, etc.

MONDAY, TUESDAY, and WEDNESDAY NEXT.

York May Races.—Walker's Horse Sales.—The Repository, Museum-street, York.

MR. WALKER'S SELECT SALES

of **STUDS, &c.**, will take place at the Repository, Museum-street, York, on **MONDAY, TUESDAY, and WEDNESDAY**, the 19th, 20th, and 21st days of May, 1879, when will be offered 200 valuable HORSES. The sales on the 19th and 20th will comprise Weight-carrying, made Hunters, Carriage Horses, Hacks, and Cobs, the property of the Right Hon. the Earl of Zetland, the Right Hon. Lord Herries, the Officers of the various Regiments stationed in the vicinity of York, and the gentry and clergy of the Northern and Midland Counties. The Select Sale of Stud will take place on the 21st inst. The Entries are as follows: Third day, **WEDNESDAY, May 21**, the York and Ainsty Stud.

The property of Col. Fairfax, M.F.H.

- | | |
|------------------|---------------------|
| 1. POLLY. | 14. FULFORD. |
| 2. PADDY. | 15. LUCIFER. |
| 3. SUSAN. | 16. COLTON. |
| 4. WOODMAN. | 17. SHEPHERD. |
| 5. EASINGWOLD. | 18. CARDINAL. |
| 6. HOVINGHAM. | 19. SIR WALTER. |
| 7. MAYFLY. | 20. CAPERA. |
| 8. MAGPIE. | 21. GRIMSTON. |
| 9. COLUMBINE. | 22. SKELTON. |
| 10. ALICE. | 23. FORESTER. |
| 11. BEVERLEY. | 24. GAMECOCK. |
| 12. SPECULATION. | 25. JONNY (a hack). |
| 13. ACOMB. | |

The above valuable horses have been regularly hunted by the master and hunt servants with the York and Ainsty hounds. May be inspected at the Kennels, Acomb, from May 12 to May 19, and at the Repository after May 19.

The following valuable Horses, the property of Major H. F. Dent, M.F.H., which have carried the master and servants of the Bedale hounds during the past season:

- | | |
|---------------|------------------|
| 1. SWINTON. | 7. SNOWDROP. |
| 2. MOONLIGHT. | 8. ECLAT. |
| 3. JOCO. | 9. CONGRESS. |
| 4. VIKING. | 10. LIFFEY. |
| 5. DURHAM. | 11. BLESSINGTON. |
| 6. KATAFELTO. | 12. CLATIE. |

With the exception of Nos. 1, 2, 3, 7, 11, and 12, the above will be sold without reserve.

The following valuable Horses, the property of Major Godman, M.F.H., sold in consequence of his giving up the Hurworth hounds (without reserve).

- | | |
|-------------------|----------------------|
| 1. TIE SHAH. | 6. LORD PORTS-MOUTH. |
| 2. CAPTAIN WEBB. | 7. STANDARD ROSE. |
| 3. IRONMASTER. | 8. WAIF. |
| 4. NIGHTMARE. | 9. BEATRICE. |
| 5. GRACE DARLING. | |

They have been regularly ridden by the master and hunt servants. Nos. 3, 4, and 5 have carried a lady.

The property of the Hon. Egremont Lascelles, regularly hunted with the York and Ainsty and Bramham Moor hounds:

- | | |
|----------------|---------------|
| 1. MAY FLOWER. | 3. CONSTABLE. |
| 2. HAWTHORN. | 4. NORTON. |

Seen at the Repository.

The property of Russell Monro, Esq., Colton Lodge, Tadcaster.

- | | |
|--------------|---------------|
| 1. LAURA. | 3. SCAMPSTON. |
| 2. LADYBIRD. | |

The property of Sir Wm. Eden, Bart.

- | | |
|-------------------|------------------|
| 1. CASTANEA. | 11. MRS. BEATTY. |
| 2. VAINISH. | 12. BLARNEY. |
| 3. FRESHMAN. | 13. CHERRY. |
| 4. CONFEDERATE. | 14. UNDERDONE. |
| 5. COURTIER. | 15. MANEATER. |
| 6. JOSHUA. | 16. HONORA. |
| 7. BLACKING. | 17. THE LAMB. |
| 8. PATCH. | 18. PITMAN. |
| 9. PRUSSIAN BLUE. | 19. MILLTOWN. |
| 10. BANKER. | |

The following Weight-carrying HUNTERS, the property of T. Newton, Esq., of Bilbrough.

- | | |
|--------------|----------------|
| 1. CYPRUS. | 4. NUGENT. |
| 2. HOTSPUR. | 5. RUFUS. |
| 3. HOPBLOOM. | 6. PORTO RICO. |

The property of J. C. Wilmot Smith, Esq., Borough-bridge Hall:

- | | |
|----------------|--------------|
| 1. SHILLELAGH. | 4. STORM. |
| 2. DANIEL. | 5. KILLURAN. |
| 3. DALTON. | |

These horses have been regularly hunted, and Nos. 3, 4, and 5 have certificates lodged.

The property of C. B. Lamb, Esq., Bilton Hall, York.

- | | |
|--------------|----------------|
| 1. CONGRESS. | 3. LADY DACRE. |
| 2. BANKER. | |

The above have been regularly hunted with the Bramham Moor and York and Ainsty Hounds.

The property of T. Livesey Wardle, Esq., Red House, York.

- | | |
|---------------|--------------|
| 1. CHANCE. | 3. THE CZAR. |
| 2. THE QUEEN. | 4. VARMINT. |

Note.—Entries for 20th and 21st now closed, and only a limited number of first-class animals can be accepted for the 19th.

Catalogues now ready, and may be obtained on application to Mr. Walker, New-street, York.

50 HUNTERS and STUDS, including well-known HUNTERS, HARNESS HORSES, HACKS, COBS, and PONIES, the property of different Noblemen, Gentlemen, Horse Masters, &c., on **THURSDAY NEXT, 22nd May** (and every Thursday), at **ONE o'clock**, by **AUCTION**, at **CAVE'S, MOSELEY STREET, BIRMINGHAM** (The Old Beardsworth's).

The Horses which have been carrying the master and hunt servants of the Albrighton Hounds; also four Hunters from E. H. Davenport, Esq., of Davenport; two Hunters from Captain C. D. Hudson and many other valuable Horses will be included in the sale.

CART and VAN HORSES, on THURSDAY NEXT, 22nd May, (and every Thursday), at **TWELVE o'clock** precisely, by **AUCTION**, at **CAVE'S, MOSELEY STREET, BIRMINGHAM**.

Stalls should be engaged early.

SPECIAL ANNUAL STUD SALE

OF

100 HUNTERS, COBS, AND KENNEL HORSES, including eight capital Hunters (from Richard Lant, Esq., M.F.H.) that have been carrying the Huntsmen and Whips of the North Warwickshire Hounds this season. Also seven Horses and Ponies, the property of Mr. Josh. Gilman. Many other valuable Horses are already entered.

TUESDAY, 27th of May inst., at **One o'clock** (In addition to the usual THURSDAY'S SALES),

BY **AUCTION**, AT

CAVE'S, MOSELEY STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

(THE OLD BEARDSWORTH'S.)

Stalls should be engaged early.

A limited number will be received.

Horses for this Sale will be entered in Owner's name, and must arrive not later than Twelve o'clock on the 26th.

Special terms for this Select Sale on application at Cave's, Moseley-street, Birmingham.

HORSES FROM NEWMARKET.

MR. RYMILL will **SELL** by **AUCTION**, at his Repository, Barbican, London, on **FRIDAY NEXT, May 23**, by order of Mr. Robert Layton, of the White Hart Hotel, Newmarket, **THIRTY-FIVE** well-bred, high-stepping, riding, and driving horses, 5 and 6 years old. The above stud are in first-class condition, have been used during the race meetings, for which purpose they were expressly purchased in Yorkshire and other counties. Gentlemen, tradesmen, and others, should not lose so good an opportunity of obtaining seasoned young horses, suitable for any requirements. On view day prior.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY (Limited), 7, Bank-buildings, Lothbury.

General Accidents. Personal Injuries.

Railway Accidents. Death by Accidents.

C. HARDING, Manager.

SALES BY AUCTION, etc.

GUILDFORD.—Freehold.—In re D. D. Hopkyns, Esq., deceased, probably about the choicest little home in Great Britain, comprising a gem of a house, on a knoll 100 feet above the river Wey, in grounds of entrancing loveliness, embracing views of unparalleled beauty.

MESSRS. EDWIN FOX and BOUSFIELD will **SELL** at the Mart, on **WEDNESDAY, June 18**, in one lot, the **FREEHOLD** of the **ESTATE**, known as Weycliffe, situate within the parish and Parliamentary borough of Guildford, in the county of Surrey, half a mile from the centre of the town and from the railway station (56 minutes from London) on the high road to Portsmouth through Godalming, whence it is distant about three miles. It comprises a residence containing two servants' bed rooms, five family chambers, three elegant and well proportioned reception rooms, conservatory, octagon entrance hall, and vestibule, complete domestic offices, and other conveniences. It is most substantial and in perfect order, and so constructed as to be easily enlarged without interfering with the existing accommodation, or destroying the harmony of its architecture, proportion, or design. There is stabling, coach-houses, green and hot-houses, gardener's and coachman's cottages, groom's rooms, fowl and duck yards, the extent of the gardens and grounds being about eight acres, entirely encircled by solid stone walls. The property is perfectly unique. It has been occupied by the late proprietor since 1851, and has been the subject of his chief delight and unceasing care. The approach to the house is by a carriage drive with ornate lodge, and from every point is open to the view a picture of richly diversified scenery, watered by the river Wey. The excavations of a disused chalk pit afforded years ago scope for the formation of the grounds; they are laid out in terrace walks and ivy-clad slopes, and studded with handsome timber and adorned by thousands of the choicest varieties of coniferæ, rare, hollies and evergreens, and flowering shrubs. The kitchen gardens, orchards, and paddocks are very prolific; one upland meadow of about two acres, belted by noble trees, with a hanging slope above the river, offers a charming site for another house just off the high road. The stabling is very picturesque, designed in the form of an old English church. The shady groves of the Castle slopes at Windsor, the renowned landscape from Richmond-hill, and the botanical treasures of Kew-gardens are all reproduced in miniature at this sweet spot. Photographs may be seen at the Auctioneers' Offices, where, as also at the Solicitors, orders to view may be had.

Particulars shortly of Messrs. Spence, Hawks, and Phillips, Solicitors, Hertford; at the Mart; and of Messrs. Edwin Fox and Bousfield.

SUSSEX.—Compact and valuable Freehold Estate, nearly 1,000 acres in extent, with very beautiful site for a mansion, in a finely-timbered park; a moderate residence and various farm homesteads, together with the Advowson to the Rectory of Shermanbury, and also the Manors of Shermanbury and Ewhurst.

MESSRS. EDWIN FOX and BOUSFIELD will **SELL** at the Mart, on **WEDNESDAY, July 2**, at 2 o'clock precisely, the **SHERMANBURY-PLACE ESTATE**, a very important Freehold Property, advantageously situated at Shermanbury, 1½ mile from Partridge-green Station, on the Brighton Railway, two miles from Hove, and 12½ miles from Brighton. It consists of 980 acres of ornamentally-timbered land. Is bounded on the west side for more than half a mile by the road from Hove to Cowfold, is approached by other good roads, and intersected by the river Adur, affording excellent water power. The residence is of a moderate character, and containing nine bedrooms, two dressing rooms and bath room, five reception-rooms and offices, outbuildings, and stables. The gardens, which are tastefully laid out, slope down to a large sheet of ornamental water, and the disposition of the ground renders it particularly adaptable for landscape gardening. There is a grandly-timbered park of about 60 acres, protected from the north by the Hanger Wood, facing the south, and approached from opposite sides by two well-wooded, and avenue drives. On the high ground of the park a magnificent site is afforded for the erection of a mansion, commanding extensive views. The position of the property renders it particularly eligible for residence, as there is excellent sport of all descriptions. The covers are well dispersed for shooting, and the configuration of the land peculiarly adapted for the preservation of ground and winged game. There are foxhounds and harriers are within easy reach. The Adur is excellent trout and other fishing; this river gives access to Shoreham Harbour, now a favourite yachting station. The estate is divided into the following farms, viz.:—Ewhurst Farm, Gratwick Farm, Sheepcote Farm, Shermanbury-mill, with numerous cottages, with gardens, &c. The whole of the estate is in hand, with the exception of Ewhurst Farm, which is let on lease at £450 per annum. Also the valuable Advowson to the Rectory of Shermanbury, with income of £450 per annum. The ancient Manors of Shermanbury and Ewhurst are also included. Particulars are prepared, and, with plans, may shortly be obtained of Messrs. Mercer and Mercer, solicitors, 1, Copthall-court, E.C.; at the Mart; and of Messrs. Edwin Fox and Bousfield, 99, Gresham-street, Bank, E.C.

HIGHGATE.—The valuable Residential Estate, known as The Grove, most desirably situate in the Grove, abutting upon and forming a portion of the well-known Fitzroy-park estate, the most preferable part of this favourite locality, possessing magnificent views over Ken-wood and the surrounding country, and within easy drive of the City and West-end. With possession.

MESSRS. PRICKETT, VENABLES,

and Co. will **SELL** by **AUCTION**, at the Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, City, on **THURSDAY, June 19th**, at 2 o'clock precisely, by direction of the Executors of the late E. J. Nettelfield, Esq. (unless previously disposed of by private contract), the above important **PROPERTY**, comprising a substantially-erected residence, possessing every requisite for a family of position, it having eight bed chambers, two dressing rooms, two bath rooms, four servants' apartments, spacious entrance hall with parquet flooring and handsome oak staircase to chamber floors, a billiard room, library, well-proportioned dining room, also drawing room richly embellished, communicating with conservatory, fernery, pleasure grounds, &c., secondary hall, kitchen, scullery, butler's pantry, servants' work room, and the usual domestic offices. Well-arranged stabling for six horses, fitted with all the modern appliances, coach-house with living rooms over, and harness room. Tastefully laid out lawns, flower gardens, and pleasure grounds, in which are some fine old timber trees and choice shrubs of great beauty, summer house, extensive peach, camellia, fern, and tropical houses, also well-matured kitchen garden, paddock, &c.; gardener's cottage or lodge, containing six rooms. The quantity altogether being about four acres, part freehold and part copyhold, of an easy manor, a portion of which could, if wished, be utilised for building purposes without interfering with the privacy of the remainder. Particulars in due time may be obtained at the Auction Mart, City; of T. Chattell Clarke, Esq., Architect and Surveyor, 63, Bishopsgate-street within, E.C.; of E. Bromley, Esq., Solicitor, 43, Bedford-row, W.C.; and of Messrs. Prickett, Venables, and Co., Auctioneers and Land Agents, 62, Chancery-lane, W.C., Highgate and Barnet. By order of the Mortgagee.—Maidenhead, Berks.—To Small Capitalists.—Secure investment.

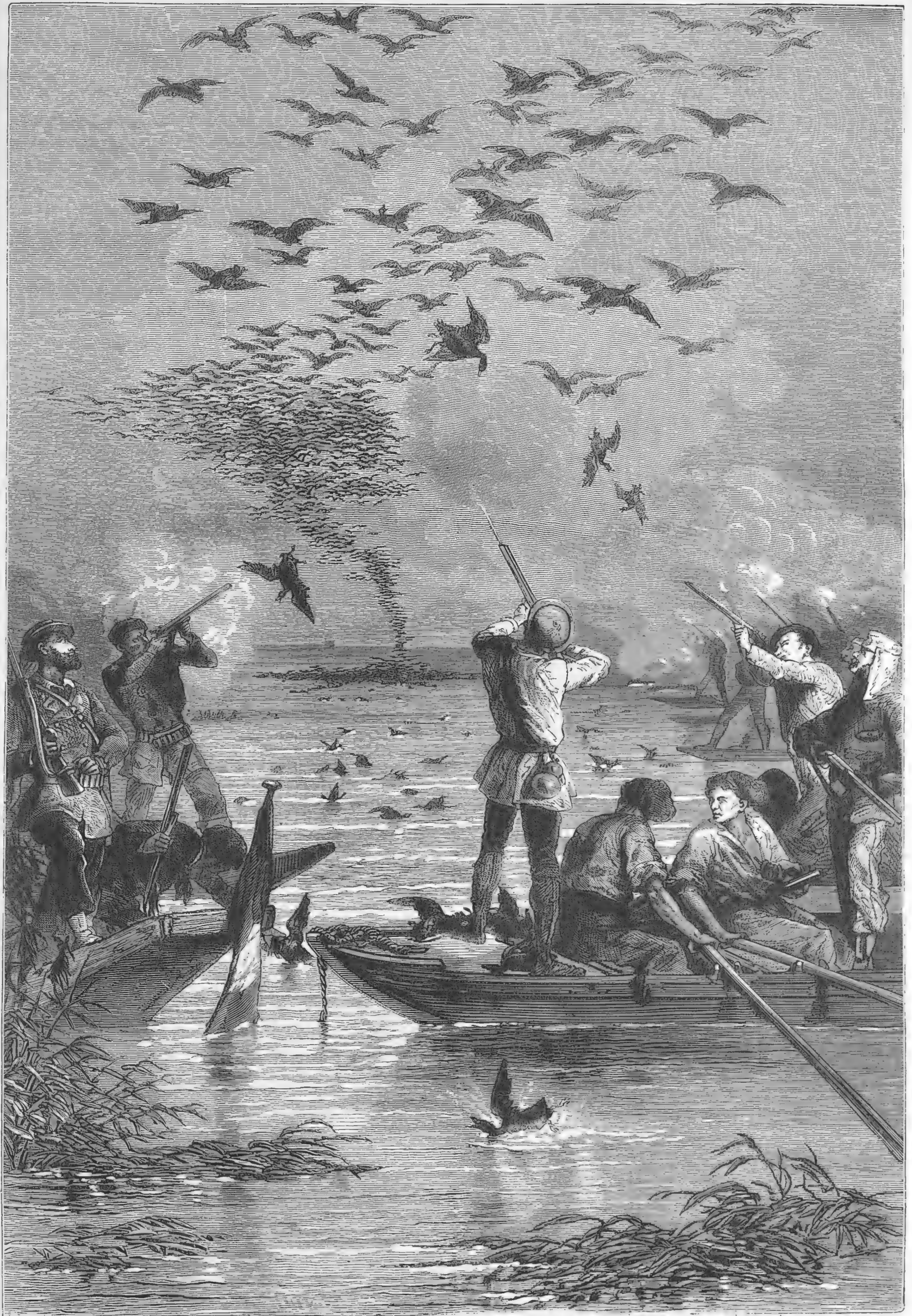
WEATHERALL and GREEN will **SELL** by **AUCTION**, at the Bear Hotel, Maidenhead, on **WEDNESDAY, 4th June**, at 3 o'clock precisely, in two lots, **FOUR** substantial brick-built **COTTAGES**, almost equal to Freehold, known as Nos. 5, 6, 7, and 8, 11, Isiborough-road, Norfolk-park, Maidenhead, situate close to St. Luke's Church, let to respectable tenants at £52 per annum. Particulars at the Bear Hotel, Maidenhead; of Messrs. Eardley Holt and Richardson, Solicitors, 23, Charles-street, St. James's, S.W.; and of the Auctioneers, 22, Chancery-lane.

ESSEX, in the parishes of Ramsden Crays, Ramsden Bellhouse, and Great Burstard.—A very attractive **RESIDENTIAL AND SPORTING ESTATE** of about 825 acres, occupying a high position in the midst of a good hunting and very picturesque district, about five miles from Ingatestone, seven from Brentwood, nine from Chelmsford, and 25 from London. It includes a thoroughly well-appointed country residence, standing in old-established and finely-timbered grounds, approached by two long carriage drives, with lodge-entrances, a pretty park of about 70 acres, four excellent farms, with suitable houses and homesteads, numerous cottages, and accommodation lands, together with about 300 acres of thriving woods and plantations noted for holding a large head of game, the whole lying well together in a close ring fence, and forming a most enjoyable country seat within easy reach of London. The kennels of the South Essex foxhounds are within two miles, and Mr. Arkwright's foxhounds and Lord Petre's staghounds also hunt the district. There is a probability of a new line being made from Brentwood to Billericay and Southminster, which, if carried out, will greatly enhance the value of this estate.

MESSRS. DEBENHAM, TEWSON,

and FARMER will **SELL**, at the Mart, on **TUESDAY, June 17**, at Two, in Two Lots (unless previously disposed of by private treaty), the important **FREEHOLD MANORIAL PROPERTY**, known as the Ramsden Hall Estate, comprising:

Lot 1.—The very superior Country Residence, known as Ramsden Hall, a handsome well-constructed red brick building with stone facings, containing on the upper floor three large attics, linen, box, and store rooms, a smoking room in the tower, whence a wonderfully fine panoramic view is obtained, embracing part of the river Thames, with an extensive range of the Kentish and Surrey hills, and the rich-timbered country intervening; on the first floor 11 bed rooms, two dressing rooms, a bath room, and two water-closets; on the ground floor, wide outer porch, a noble entrance hall, an elegant drawing room 20ft. by 18ft., exclusive of a deep bay window, a capital dining room 27ft. by 18ft., with serving room adjoining, library 20ft. by 18ft., a full-sized billiard room, study or gun room, conservatory, lavatory, &c.; in a separate wing are spacious domestic offices. The house is admirably planned and well fitted. Gas is laid on throughout from private works, and there is an excellent supply of spring water from a deep well. The stabling comprises five loose boxes, two stalls, coach-houses, washing-house, forge, &c. The pleasure grounds are of beautiful formation, and clothed with some grand old timber and a profusion of well-grown shrubs. They include a handsome lawn, an ornamental sheet of water with rustic bridge, fernery, summer-house, ribbon walks, &c. The kitchen garden is entirely enclosed by a high brick wall, and abundantly stocked with wall and other fruit trees. It contains three vineries, hothouse, forcing pits, potting shed, apple room, potato store, &c. The lands immediately surrounding the house are in grass, those to the south and east forming a small park of about 70 acres, the surface of which is boldly undulating and prettily timbered. Interspersed about the estate are about 300 acres of very profitable woods and plantations, well planted up, and forming splendid coverts for game. The shooting for many years past has been highly



WILD DUCK SHOOTING IN SPAIN.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DRAMATIC.

GEORGE ELFIN.—Mr. John Ryder played with Mr. Macready when he was manager of Drury Lane Theatre. He was born in 1814. He played at the Princess's Theatre under the management of Charles Kean.

J. H. E.—Mr. Willis's *Hinko* was first played at the Queen's Theatre in September, 1871.

G. M. C.—The lady's married name is Pemberton.

JINGLE.—(1.) We are not quite sure. About 6 feet; but whether a trifle under or over we cannot say for certain. (2.) On this point we cannot inform you either, except that he was not an actor. (3.) The songs are published. Probably Mr. S. French, the theatrical publisher, of the Strand, would procure them for you.

JOHNNY.—The first theatre ever erected is supposed to have been that of Bacchus at Athens, built by Philos 240 B.C.

EDWARD E.—Goethe's tragedy, *Egmont*, was played in this country by a German company a good many years ago, but we can't tell you the exact date—we fancy it was in 1851 or 1852.

S. E. Woods.—You are altogether wrong. The plays produced were of the highest class, and they were placed upon the boards with strict regard to picturesque and dramatic effect of the most artistic quality. As to the audiences, Professor Morley said of them then, "They do not applaud rant at Sadler's Wells," and we are old enough to endorse the statement as a matter within our own personal knowledge. It was such a critical audience as you would be puzzled to match nowadays.

JACK.—*Everybody's Friend* was written by Mr. Stirling Coyne.

M. B.—We have already stated that Miss Ellen Farren is Mrs. R. Soutar. Miss Amy Steinberg is Mrs. John Douglass.

GOODRAM.—Mr. Charles Sugden was born at Cambridge in 1850.

MUSICAL.

F. A. S.—1. The success of *Lurline* is entirely owing to Vincent Wallace's music, and it is an almost invariable rule that an opera is known by the name of its composer, as Beethoven's *Fidelio*, Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, Gounod's *P Faust*, &c. Fitzball wrote the libretto. 2. We should say most decidedly untrue. Mr. Toole is not so very particular, nor would nightly journeys for a month have been necessary.

SPORTING.

OLD 'UN.—(1.) Horse-races were held at Linton, in Cambridgeshire, as early as the time of James I. (2.) Julia died in 1818. She won the King's Plate at Ipswich, Chelmsford, and Warwick; the July Stakes at Newmarket, and the Petworth Stakes at Brighton. She was the dam of Vexation by Waxy, and of Phantom by Walton. She was foaled in 1799, and was bred by Sir C. Bunbury.

A VOLUNTEER SERGEANT.—"Westhall on Training," published by Ward, Lock, and Tyler, Paternoster-row, London, or "Modern Athletics," published at the Field office, Strand, are the best, but you had much better place yourself under the direction of a professional runner. There are several of sufficient respectability in your neighbourhood.

MISCELLANEOUS.

OLD JACK.—We really have not the remotest idea.

KAPPA.—A newspaper was printed at Newcastle by Robert Barker in 1639.

CHARLES EM.—Public-houses have been licensed since the year 1620.

MARK.—The first man burnt in this country for his religious opinions was Sir William Sawtree, who was sent to the stake on the 19th of February, 1401.

R. EUNE.—There was a very old wooden hostelry at Kensington, called The White Horse, which was pulled down in or about 1824. Addison was one of its frequenters, and some of the papers published in the *Spectator* were written in it.

R. B. C.—"Old Thunder" was the name by which the eccentric Sir James Lowther, of Westmoreland, was known. "He was," says a recent writer, "the strangest, most overbearing, most unscrupulous of men. His habit of never paying his bills till lawyers were employed to demand payment; his herds of wild horses in the park at Lowther; his fighting a duel with the officer who politely tried in St. James's-street to make him obey orders on a levee day; his passion for the girl whom he betrayed in life, and loved so well after death, that he kept her head in a glass case—such traits as these make up a character which is quite incredible." The terror of his name has still a vague existence in the neighbourhood of Hawes Water, which, it is said, is haunted by his ghost.

Mrs. SCOTT.—The word *Ban* is derived from the German. It signifies publication or proclamation, and has been used in connection with marriages from a very early time. The earliest existing canonical enactment on the subject in the English Church is that in the 11th Canon of the Synod of Westminster, A.D. 1200, which enacts that "no marriage shall be contracted without bans thrice published in the church."

THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1879.

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S
EXHIBITION.

THE British public, after experiences of what may be termed the "melodramatic" phase of horse shows, will turn with pleasure from the circus-like business of the

Agricultural Hall and other places to an inspection of the horse classes in the Royal Society's Exhibition to be held at Kilburn in the early days of July. Sooth to say, we have had well nigh enough of those "scenes in the arena" of which the principal characters are the gentleman rough rider, the professor of the *haute école de manège*, and the pretty horsebreaker; and prizes have of late years run so very much "in a groove" that on the recurrence of each anniversary we look for the appearance of old forms and faces, equine and human, with the same certainty of contemplating them as of receiving the clown's greeting at a Christmas pantomime. Not that we blame promoters of these sawdust spectacles for helping to amuse country cousins during the interval between Epsom and Ascot; on the contrary, we should miss a well-known and popular entertainment if doomed no longer "the aisles of Sidney's Hall to see." But we may at least look forward to better things at the Great Show of July next, when nearly every branch of the great equine family will be represented in such numbers and quality as have never been collected together before; and we may expect entries for the various prizes from all parts of the country, in place of things assuming the aspect of a gigantic benefit for metropolitan riding-masters and livery-stable keepers. The judging and showing of horses is likely to be entirely void of those sensational features so acceptable to the "gallery," and though no doubt the "Arrys" and others who so much affect Islington will not be conspicuous by their absence, a far more genuine tone will pervade affairs under Royal Agricultural auspices, and true lovers of the noble animal will be treated to such a prolonged study of the object of their admiration as they cannot hope to indulge in again for many years to come. In fact, the Show week will be almost too short for those who feel bound to run the gamut of inspection through all classes, from the "thoroughbred sire likely to get hunters" down to cobs and ponies of low degree, to say nothing of the mule class, the connecting link between the noble and the patient breed. In glancing down the Royal Agricultural prize list, nothing strikes us with livelier feelings of satisfaction than the progress already made, and still advancing, in the direction of a regular method of breeding carthorses, the several kinds of which now appear each to have its Society and its Stud Book, Clydesdales, Suffolks, and English carthorses in general being three of such divisions, as distinct and separate, to all intents and purposes, as the various breeds of cattle, which boast their records and archives, in addition to a long list of exhibitors and improvers of the bovine tribes. Not only are these Associations for the development and encouragement of the different branches of the carthorse family doing good work by making digests of their labours founded upon the model of the "Stud Book," but they perform a most useful and liberal part in supplementing the prize lists of exhibitions all over the country, which are thus enabled to hold out greater inducements to competitors of a high class to patronise local shows. The "agricultural purposes" prize list at Kilburn is most munificently endowed, and the prizes obtained for farm horses of all descriptions of late years amply warrants such expenditure on the part of the society, by means of which the supply of a first-rate article will be increased and the cost reduced so as to suit the pockets of men of small means. The classes for hunters, hackneys, and roadsters have also been amply supplemented, and as regards the first-named, we are likely to see exhibited as stallions many of that useful class of thoroughbreds which can find no occupation in an overcrowded market as progenitors of racing stock. This is a class above all others deserving encouragement, looking at the scarcity and consequent high price of weight-carriers across a country, which are bound to have an infusion of "blood" as the only means of enabling them to hold their own in good company, and without this important adjunct mere bone, muscle, and size can avail nothing. Purely coaching stallions must have almost gone out of date, but we may expect to see a few of the old sort of Cleveland bays sent up for exhibition, and there is no fear that the hackney stallion class will be ill represented, in point either of numbers or quality, and even ponies have not been forgotten. Mares with foals, and fillies used for agricultural purposes have, of course, found a place in the catalogue, together with the thoroughbred; and there is plenty of encouragement given to the various subdivisions of the equine family, bred for purposes of pleasure rather than of utility in farming pursuits, which naturally occupy the most prominent place in the prize list of a Society founded with the express object of developing agriculture, and ministering to the wants of so large a section of our population as that engaged in tilling the soil. The judges of the various classes are likely to have plenty of work to occupy them during the early days of the show; but things have worked so smoothly at the various meetings of the Society that there should be no danger of delay in making the awards, and we venture to predict that many verdicts given in cases of animals exhibited at shows entirely confined to horses will be reversed when competitors pass into the ring at Kilburn. For horses alone there are considerably over fifty classes, and we understand that most of these have filled well; so that vast strides have been made in this department, comparatively of minor interest and importance at the Battersea Show, where the Derby winner, Ellington, attracted so much Cockney gape-seed nearly twenty years ago.

The mention of thoroughbred stock cannot but excite in us feelings of regret at its exclusion from the greatest Agricultural Show we are likely to witness for some time to come, albeit we are perfectly aware that the omission of racing sires from the prize schedule was unavoidable, especially when we consider that even the large space available at Kilburn will be barely adequate to the requirements of the Society. We are also well aware of the difficulties and disputes which have arisen in connection with attempts to classify blood sires and to award prizes in order of merit; nor are we forgetful of the value of such exhibits, and of the risk incurred by owners in the transmission of animals, so liable to be upset by long journeys and strange quarters. The experiment has been tried before, but with very limited success; and it could hardly be expected of the Royal Agricultural Society to revive so

doubtful a feature of their show programme. Nevertheless it must be conceded that the time of year is eminently favourable for a gathering of the conscript fathers of the English stud, a collection of which, embracing its most famous representatives, would certainly form a magnificent spectacle, if such could be induced to put in an appearance, merely for the sake of showing the extent of our resources to foreigners, and without any attempt being made to distribute honours and rewards among them. Perhaps at the next Great Metropolitan gathering some such idea may find favour with its promoters; meanwhile we must rest content with the prospect of a high-class exhibition of excellence in other departments of the equine kingdom, of more general utility, perhaps, but not of deeper national interest than the coursers of high degree, which we must regard as the real authors of improvement of their species.

SPORTING AND DRAMATIC PICTURES AT
THE ACADEMY.

THE word "dramatic," it should be premised, is used in its limited sense of "connected with the drama;" for all figure subjects and a great many landscapes should be dramatic in a wide acceptance of the term. Of these pictures there are, indeed, few in the present exhibition of the Academy, and these few not as a rule remarkable for their excellence; but sporting subjects are better represented than those having reference to the other popular amusement, and if there be found few strikingly good pictures, on the other hand there are few very bad ones—none like the wooden racehorses bred and trained apparently in Lowther Arcadia, that have sometimes been displayed to afflict nervous spectators with subsequent bad dreams, as their sleeping fancies led them to believe that the animal they had backed was finishing after the fashion of the strange creatures in the drawing.

Considerations of space forbid a long-extended preface, and we must come at once to No. 152, Mr. J. S. Noble's not very happily named "Freedom and Imprisonment." The spectator is in the kennel-yard with part of a pack of eager hounds, which watch their more fortunate brethren as they trot away to the meet at the Cross Roads. Dearly would these imprisoned hounds like to swell the number of couples bound for the covert, where a stout dog-fox is lying in fancied security; and Mr. Noble has well contrived, by the attitudes of his hounds, to convey the sentiments which we may be sure are agitating them.

No. 186 is a picture by Miss Ethel Mortlock of Mr. Robert Watson, in a weather-beaten pink, cords, hunting-cap, and with a favourite hound looking up into his face. As a picture, and we are inclined to fancy as a portrait also, the work is well done. It is a present to the sitter from the members of the Carlow Hunt.

195, "The Poacher's Widow," by Mr. Briton Riviere, A.R.A., is one of the very few pictures in which this true artist has missed the mark. The game and rabbits which surround the widow are painted with wonderful skill, and the attitude of the woman as she sits on the hill-side, her face buried in her hands, is expressive and even eloquent. But the combination of the realistic and the allegorical is not at all happy, and good as is the treatment in detail, the composition will be generally set down as a distinct failure.

"Time to be Off," by Mr. Samuel Carter, No. 223, conveys to the spectator the fox's well-founded opinion as to the present state of affairs. A black coat and a red one in the distance beyond the snug covert in which the fox was comfortably reclining before suspicious sounds aroused him, are unmistakable arguments in favour of a speedy exit in the opposite direction. It is a great merit of Mr. Carter's picture that even without the men in the distance the mere figure of the fox would have told the story, though the approaching horsemen add to the general effect. From the landscape, however, we should suppose that it is hardly late enough for hunting.

"A Justice in 1500" (261), by Mr. Chester Lovine, shows a magisterial authority of the period, aged about 7, preparing to do justice on a poacher who has been caught in *flagrante delicto*. The general treatment, and especially the youthful justice and his victim, are well conceived.

"Dapping by the Way" (297). It is a high compliment to Mr. Naish to say that he is a successful student of Mr. Hook. The student of dapping must lean over the bows of a boat, holding on to the rigging by one hand, and the process of "dapping" consists in dropping the bait gently on to, or just below, the surface of the water.

Surely the portrait, No. 315, painted by Mr. J. E. Hodgson, A.R.A., and called J. R. Clayton, Esq. (why not call Mr. J. R. Clayton, Mr. J. R. Clayton, and take the Esq. for granted?) is our old and valued friend, John Lawrence Toole, dissembling and playing at being somebody else?

"The Death: Recollections of a Kill with the Pytchley Hounds," No. 413, by Mr. John Charlton, is a meritorious and yet a somewhat disappointing picture. The subject is correctly worked out, the hounds are satisfactory, Goodall's figure is natural, and the horses—barring the fact that, in spite of the run, their coats look as if they have been lately greased—well drawn and painted. But more energy and eagerness ought to have been put into the hounds. After a run such a pack as the Pytchley display more fierce longing to get at their prey than is here expressed, and Mr. Charlton would have been more accurate had he grouped his hounds more picturesquely. His second picture is No. 1,029, "Viewed Away," and is presented to John Harvey, Esq., on his retiring from the mastership of the South Durham Foxhounds by members of the Hunt and other friends. Mr. Harvey has first viewed the fox away, at which, however, he does not seem to be particularly elated. Some of his hounds are feathering on the line, and the body of the pack is coming on. All the hounds are not of equal merit, but there are some good studies among them. The chief fault is the texture of the brown horse on which Mr. Harvey is seated. The animal looks—as in the picture just mentioned, only more so—as though it had been oiled and brushed before the start, and a final polish laid on at the meet. Mr. Charlton has overcome the principal difficulties of his subject; few men can paint horses and hounds as well as he; but there is room for much improvement still.

Mr. Bridgman's "Royal Pastimes in Nineveh" (441) only lacks a little life to make it a really powerful picture. In a spacious amphitheatre the king stands with his bow bent and arrow aimed at a lion whose angrily-curved lip gives token of the roar that will follow if the arrow does not fly in time to prevent it. On the ground is a dead lion, and behind the principal figure are a few of his bodyguard ready to aid the royal sportsman should his skill fail him. The details are carefully and accurately worked out, but there is a stiffness about it which much detracts from the general effect.

"Football" (448), by Mr. W. B. Wollen, contains some tolerably successful figure drawing.

"In manus tuas, Domine" (487), by Mr. Briton Riviere, A.R.A., must be noticed by reason of the command of animal

life so admirably displayed. The picture—which has been very variously criticised in different quarters—represents a young knight, riding on a white horse down a rocky pass into a horribly dismal cavern, wherein something evil seems to lurk; for the hounds have on their faces, in their eyes, and their shrinking forms, looks of terror, and the horse stretches out its neck towards the darkness with wonder and apprehension. But the young knight, the crossed hilt of his sword held aloft, goes calmly on, confident in a mightier strength, as the title implies. “*In manus tuas, Domine,*” will generally be recognised as a very noble work.

“*Toil and Pleasure*” (540), by Mr. John R. Reid, is another not very happily named picture. A number of labourers in a field of curiously-coloured mangolds or turnips look up from their work, while over the hedge the leaders of the hunt are beginning to jump. The sporting element is—perhaps judiciously—kept in the background, for unless Mr. Reid wishes to imply that the hunt generally are coming to grief over an easy fence, he has done well not to give too much prominence to details of which he is not very sure. One man has dismounted, scrambled through, and is trying to make his horse jump after him, as Mr. Jorrocks did when he adjured Artaxerxes to mend his ways, with “Come hup, I say, you ugly brute!” The man who is just jumping will hardly be able to save a fall. Altogether, a good idea is not very well carried out, but the subject is a capital one.

“*At Hampton Court in the Olden Time*” (541), by Mr. Frank E. Cox, shows a gaily-dressed party playing bowls.

Mr. Richard Ansdell, R.A., sends, among other things, “*To ho!*” (635). The hero of the picture faces the spectator, at whom the gun, cleverly foreshortened, is directly pointed.

Mr. Val Prinsep's portrait of Mr. John Hare is No. 651. The likeness is strikingly good, but it seems as if the artist, anxious to do the fullest justice to his friend, had over-elaborated his work.

Mr. Arthur Hughes's “*Property Room*” (929) is not up to the painter's standard, and need not be discussed at length—particularly as no one seems able to make out exactly what it means.

No. 1,011 is a rather good representation by Mr. W. Maw Egley, of a scene from *Le Médecin Malgré Lui*. The artist quotes the extracts he illustrates:—

“*Géronte. Voilà ma fille qui parle! O grande vertu de remède! O admirable médecin!*”

“*Spanarelle. Voilà une maladie qui m'a bien donné de la peine!*
“*Lucinde. Oui, mon père, j'ai recouvré la parole; mais je l'ai recouvrée pour vous dire que je n'aurai jamais d'autre époux que Léandre.*”

“*Géronte. Ah! quelle impétuosité de paroles! Il n'y a pas moyen d'y résister.*”

“*Eyes to the Blind,*” No. 10, by Mr. Cowen, a picture which does not come under the head of sporting or dramatic, must be welcomed with a word of commendation nevertheless, partly for the promise it gives of still better work to come, and partly because the painter is brother to Mr. F. H. Cowen, the popular composer.

No. 1,012, by Mr. R. Sydney Holland, “*For Honour,*” is only a sporting picture from the point of view of M. le Beau, who thought, in opposition to Touchstone's opinion, that breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

But With the Morning Cool Reflection Came

is the motto. The morning has come, and he to whom it has brought reflection sits at a spot appointed by his own and his adversary's second, waiting to shoot and be shot at. The horses on which the party have ridden over—for the hero has a couple of friends with him—are off to the stable, and the face of the person principally interested clearly shows that if last night had to come over again he would keep his temper.

“*Borrodale*” (1044), painted by Mr. H. T. Wells, R.A., is a favourite horse and must consequently be spoken of with caution and respect. Mr. Wells would lead one to suppose that Borrodale has been a favourite horse for a good long time; for he is represented as a little stiff all round, and a trifle gone in front, especially in the rear fore leg.

“*The Three Disgraces*” (1,062), by Mr. Edwin Douglas, is another badly-named picture of three well-drawn foxhound puppies playing with a whip-lash.

No. 1,065 is Mr. Oulless's portrait of Mr. Edmund Yates, an excellent painting, and, what is more, a capital likeness. Mr. Yates is an authority on sport and the drama. Some of his earlier novels contain most spirited descriptions of “horsey” scenes by one who evidently knew his subject well, and his portrait should not therefore be passed over in this connection.

“*Forrard-away*” is the title of Mr. W. H. Hopkins' picture (No. 1,393), and in some respects he has treated his subject effectively. The figure of the second whip, half turning in his saddle, is capital. There is, however, a general lack of dash and vigour—of what is commonly known as “go”—about the composition. Hounds are running, but those that the whip is bringing on somehow or other convey the impression that they would as soon have a game as go and kill their fox. The gentleman on the chestnut is “tittuping” along, and if there is anything like a pace it is probable that he will not see much more of the pack after they are over a field or two. The subject of the picture will, however, appeal to hunting men, who will look at “*Forrard-away!*” with much pleasure. The general tone of the wintry landscape is well preserved, and Mr. Hopkins has come near to painting a remarkably good picture—of a kind, moreover, which very few men attempt, and only a very small minority of those with anything like success. Mr. Hopkins' horses do resemble the animals they are supposed to represent, and, as a rule, the horses which four men out of five draw or paint are simply impossible.

“*At the Pantomime*” (No. 1,405) is a sketch in a private-box, by Mr. F. Barnard, whose pencil has so often adorned these pages. The children “at the pantomime” lean over the front of the box delighted with visions of the “*Bowers of Bliss,*” and consoled for the fact that their splendour will quickly pass away by the knowledge that Messrs. Clown, Harlequin, Pantaloon, and Co., including, of course, Miss Columbine, will come in due course to perform all sorts of wonderful feats and merry antics; but grandpapa, who has nobly fulfilled his duty in taking the children to see the Christmas play, considers that he has done enough, and may indulge in a quiet nap. Mr. Barnard is at once humorous and interesting, and he who seeks a text for a little moralising on the fleeting joys of childhood, may find it here; though, be it noted, the joys of maturity in connection with good dinners are equally suggested: for it is to be assumed that grandpapa has dined.

Mr. Cope's “*Hamlet and Ophelia,*” No. 232, has been passed over. It may be dramatic, but it is woefully commonplace and paltry.

There is one group that must not be passed over—the Trumpeter and Horse, by Mr. C. B. Birch (1,518). The artist has ventured upon an exceedingly daring task in designing the falling horse and expiring rider which illustrate the lines he has chosen.

Forth darts the squadron at the trumpet call;
Gainst yonder tierced ranks begirt with fire.
Nearth one fierce volley sent and riders fall;
The trembling war-notes on his lips expire.

The horse has been hit by a bullet, and is down on his head, in a strikingly real and unconventional attitude, and the rider, who has received part of the volley which has slain his gallant steed, throws one arm aloft as he reels in the saddle. The group is as admirable in execution as it is bold in design. There is one point about the horse which is at least debatable, and that is the disposition of the nearhind leg, which is high in the air. This possibly gives the idea that the animal was at once struck in a vital part, and has instantly succumbed; but some will no doubt maintain that even if this were the case the hind legs would have collapsed with the fore, and that the horse would have come down, as the phrase goes, “in a heap.” Mr. Birch's work is so careful and good, however, that the notion is only advanced and not insisted upon; for it is very possible that the sculptor had some good authority for what he has done.

To this survey more may be added hereafter. The pictures here briefly discussed, however, are the chief works which, in the present unusually good collection, come under the head of sporting and dramatic.

RAPIER.

VETERINARIAN.

HORSES' BLINDERS.

It does seem strange that men should go on year after year doing things which they know either to be of no use or service or to be positively injurious to their property. A modern philosopher, in giving examples of the above, instances the case of our fireside tongs, with their smooth surfaces with which to grasp and hold heavy slippery pieces of coal. He might have given the case of the horses' blinders as an instance of direct and indirect injury to those valuable pieces of property, harness horses. Nor need he have stopped here. We will endeavour to show in what way blinders are harmful.

In the animal world that large portion of it outside of man's domain enjoys the law of survival of the fittest to perfection. In order that the fittest animals may survive we find that they must survive by escaping from the incompatibilities of survival which vary according to the race to which they belong. In non-combatant quadrupeds survival can only be flight or concealment. Take, for example, the antelope and the fox. Here we find the five senses and the locomotor organs in their highest and most perfect state of development. The large, intensely beautiful eye of the antelope speaks for itself; the keen sense of smell is attested by the sportsman who wants to get within shot; the same may be said of the hearing, and so forth. The limbs also speak for themselves, both by their elegant proportions and by the rate of speed at which we can see they carry their possessor out of harm's way. All these belongings are in such constant requirement that they are kept in the highest state of perfection. Again, our old friend the fox has all the above-mentioned belongings plus the keenest of cunning. This excessive cunning he inherits, but the daily and hourly exercise of it in procuring food and escaping from his enemies keeps up the tone and vigour of his intellect. There is no doubt that he must be far more cunning than ever, for the food he lives upon takes quite as much sagacity to secure, and he is more and more surrounded by members of the human family whom he knows it is policy to avoid. Combatant wild animals are, as a rule, less fleet, but stronger, because they have to rely for survival not on their powers of flight, but on their powers of fight. Those again, which can neither fly from danger nor fight against it survive by various contrivances; for instance: the hedgehog rolls himself into a ball when found by his enemy, and relies on his prickly spines for protection and so forth. We see then, throughout wild life where man's dominion does not extend, natural senses and powers kept always in a state of perfection. We see no survival of the unfit and therefore we do not find infirmity propagating infirmity, as is the case throughout man's dominion. The lame or sick antelope is caught by the lion or tiger and eaten. The antelope that is neither lame nor sick but not fleet enough or not cunning enough is also caught and extinguished. All members of the unprotected animal world except the fittest become exterminated as sure as fate.

The converse of what we have stated is equally true: that senses and organs either thrown out of use or partially thrown out of use deteriorate in function. The eye becomes smaller and slower in movement; the muscles waste away and become flabby; the cunning intellect becomes slow and stupid; and so of all the rest.

On comparing the eyes of an Arab or of a wild horse with the eyes of our cab-horses this striking difference is well seen. The former has a large, quick eye, so massively set as to increase the boney framework of the face, and render the width between the two eyes enormous; whilst the latter, by constantly wearing an apparatus to do away with the use of the eyes (to a large extent), has had the size of the eye diminished, and consequently the boney setting of the same; so that the width between old cab-horses' eyes is much reduced, and we see their long, narrow, lifeless faces, telling a piteous tale of *involution* in a far more forcible manner than the best chosen words can possibly do. That the eyes of all horses do not suffer gradual decay and diminution is owing, of course, to sires being untrammelled with blinders, and brood mares and horses generally being obliged to use, and therefore to exercise, their seeing power throughout some, if not most, of their time. The time of youth, when the boney case of the eye and of the face generally is growing fast, is fortunately a time during which blinders are not worn, or the disfiguring and crippling contrivances would be sent to the right about quickly. It would then be seen what mischief they effect. As it is, the blinder is put on to the full-grown eye, and only the oculist or the lover of natural history can see the changes the covered-up eye undergoes. Both eyes being subjected to the same restraint, both diminish and otherwise change at the same time, and the advantage we derive by contrast in our observation is lost. In the cases where one organ only is thrown out of use the contrast with its fellow-organ that is not so thrown out of use strikes us at once; the injured arm by contrast with the uninjured arm, after six weeks of enforced inactivity in a sling, is well seen. The limb that is more used than its fellow presents a good contrast. In the horse the leading leg or foot is distinctly larger than its fellow. It is not only the bulky part of the eye which suffers, unfortunately, but the nervous part—the retina—also becomes impaired, and if the horse which has long been used to be blinded be called upon to use his eyes he is unable for a few weeks, or until the nervous structure regains its tone; the eye is weak, dazed by bright light, and semi-useless.

There are two redeeming features in these unhappy cases. The first is that those horses long subjected to blinders are not often called upon to reproduce their like, and therefore we escape the misfortune of propagated weak eyes; and second, the eyes so blinded are not absolutely required at any time for purposes of food-seeking or self-protection. Food is sought for the poor unfortunate, and he is protected by the master who cripples his eyes, so that physically—except, of course, in comfort—he suffers little.

That blinders are not needed under any circumstances has been, and is daily, demonstrated. Hundreds of sensible people have abolished them. If we are asked why they are still re-

tained, we reply at once that they are either retained to afford an additional surface on which to fix a crest or a monogram, or because the intelligence of the owner is not sufficiently evolved. The former reason for retaining them, we think, is very paltry. The saddle does duty as a monogram, or crest-bearer, and the door of the carriage also, and if a third, or even a fourth or fifth-place, were desired we could utilise the coachman's hat, also his coat-sleeves, not to speak of the facilities offered by a small flag stuck elegantly on the top of the whip, and any number of crest or monogram medallions might be tied to the hairs of the mane. Ingenuity would soon discover a few more suitable places for these embellishments without being restricted to three double sets as at present, so that for appearance sake blinders might be abolished, and as for the sake of protection against equine alarm, that already is being largely regarded as mythical.

We are not quite sure that our choice of surfaces to take the place of the eye-crippling blinders has been successful; but in cases of difficulty the saddler or the coachbuilder is mostly near at hand, and either of these being found incompetent, Wombwell's turn-out might supply the desired hints. Seriously, is it worth while to injure a good and faithful servant for the sake of an appearance, with which all but the most stupidly vain could dispense? This is a question we leave to others. We think it is not.

“THE WESTMINSTER PAPERS.”

THE suspension of this journal has raised a chorus of lamentation from all the *civilised* votaries of chess. Nor are we surprised at this effect: for its extinction is to such persons what the suppression of the *Times* would be to politicians. During eleven years it was the world's representative organ of the game. There was in it no tincture of cliques or provincialism or even of nationalism. It was thoroughly cosmopolitan. It gathered in and presented to its readers the best of everything in connection with chess—games—problems—news.

Upon its production, month by month, no labour was grudged, no trouble shirked, no expense spared. Every town, even in the farthest part of the globe, wherein there was a club of any note, had its deeds of small glory duly chronicled in its pages. It was *thus everybody's chess paper*, and its perfect organisation to this end was undoubtedly the primary cause of its success. But there were other qualities pertaining to it, which from the very outset lifted it into notice and obtained for it popularity. It was unlike any other previous journal. Its articles were fresh and bright. Their tone was rampant with independence. It wielded sword and axe; pierced with the former an honourable but mistaken foe, and rooted out with the latter the upas-trees which nuisance-makers had planted in the garden of Caissa. As a rule, it meted out full justice to every man. It was at times severe, but only when severity was deserved. Then it spared neither friend nor foe. The howls that used ever and anon rose up from certain professionals when smitten, making days and evenings hideous, were from the mouths of the mean, the false—the enemies of the game.

It was *facile princeps* among all chess magazines of the past or present time. The next was next *longo intervallo*. We are glad to know that almost from their commencement the *Papers* more than paid their expenses, and that their suspension is not owing to any falling-off in their circulation or waning of their influence. The proprietor, in a farewell address, full of grace and feeling, published in the April number, has acquainted the public with his reason for relinquishing them. He wished to retire from the editorship of the whist department, and could not obtain a fit person for that post. We are not surprised that he did not care to continue it, as a journal exclusively devoted to chess; to do so would have involved trouble, anxiety, inadequate remuneration, and abuse oftener than thanks. Gratitude, we regret to say, is not characteristic of chess-players in general, but towards Mr. Mossop many of them in this country acted as though they were conferring a favour in allowing him to publish a chess journal at all, and an honour in their condescending to read it. We, however, have always thought far otherwise. We feel deeply grateful to Mr. Mossop for the able, energetic, liberal, and spirited manner in which from first to last he conducted this journal. Our thanks are also due to his prime minister, Mr. P. T. Duffy, to whose literary skill, fearless spirit, and able administration the success of the *Papers* must be mainly attributed. For many years he annotated all the games, wrote the satirical verses which so amused the public and enraged certain wasps, and delighted us with articles full of the freshest news. It may interest our readers to know that the *Papers* were originated and established by Mr. Thomas Hewitt, the same gentleman who founded the Westminster Chess Club. He wrote several of the short stories which appeared in the early numbers and was the principal editor for the first year. Mr. Boden wrote the introduction, which was racy and humorous in a high degree. The articles entitled “*English and Foreign Players,*” “*Chess Critics,*” and “*Mr. Staunton,*” were written by Mr. MacDonnell. The whist department was very cleverly conducted, and for all questions as to that game the *Papers* was the recognised nised authority. Mr. Mossop's articles were written in a simple, pleasing style, and contained much useful information. Mr. F. H. Lewis's double-dummy problems made him famous all over the world. Nor can we omit to give our meed of praise to Mr. Arthur Skelton, whose dramatic criticisms were marked by originality of thought and soundness of judgment. To the *Papers* we must now say—not adieu, but—*au revoir*. We can scarcely realise their death; we fervently hope for their resurrection.

WE beg to call the attention of our angling readers to “*The Anglers' Benevolent Society,*” the latest outcrop of the activity of the West Central Association of London Angling Societies, in the interests of anglers. This society is intended for the prompt relief of the poorer members of the angling fraternity when overtaken by illness or loss of work. Mr. Thomas Spreckley, president of the Thames Angling Association, has accepted the office of president; Mr. P. Green will act as treasurer, and Mr. R. Ghurney as general secretary. This project has been warmly supported by the wealthy followers of the angling fraternity, and an inaugural dinner will be given at the Freemasons' Tavern on June 9, in aid of the required fund, tickets being obtainable of Mr. Ghurney, 10, Baches-street, Hoxton, N., to whom subscriptions may also be forwarded. Members of angling clubs will only be required to contribute one shilling per annum to entitle them to the benefits of this society.

THE Ranelagh Club, Fulham, reopened on the 1st May, and the new cricket ground is now ready for use.

WE learn that the old “*Garrick Theatre*” in Whitechapel has been taken by Miss May Bulmer, late of the Olympic Theatre, with the intention of producing opéra-bouffe, farce, and ballet. The artists are to be selected from the best of the West-end theatres. Mr. R. South is to be the stage-manager. The interior of the house is undergoing a complete transformation and redecoration under the superintendence of Mr. Ambrose Page, the acting-manager.



A "SCRATCH" TEAM.



a long shot from a "flat" by moonlight



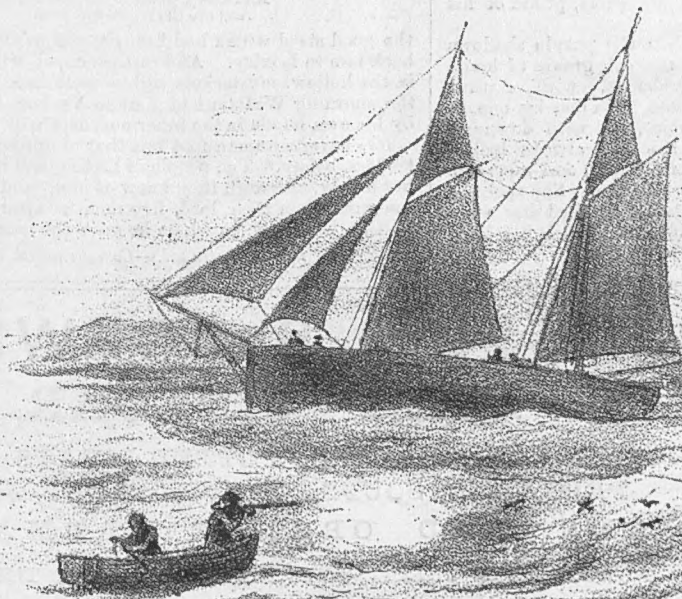
Home through the Woods



a favorite haunt



Well it bears



Sying off Devil's Island for duck

THE STORY OF ROBERT, SON OF EUDE, KNOWN AS ROBIN HOOD.

By A. H. WALL.

PART ONE.

SHOWING FROM WHAT MANNER OF MEN THE GOOD LORD ROBERT WAS DESCENDED.

CHAPTER III.

CONCERNING ROBERT EUDE AND JOANNA, DAUGHTER OF PAYNE BEAUCHAMP, EARL OF BEDFORD.

WILLIAM, son of Eude, when he rode away along the horse-track on that melancholy morning, presently made his way to Oxford, where he had spent his boyish days as child or damoiseau in the household of the powerful earl, Robert de Vere. There he had been taught the great lessons of modesty and obedience, learnt how to ride and manage a horse, and become expert in the uses of sword, lance, and bow. There he acquired knowledge of the lordly arts of the chase, and there had he been trained up in a spirit of profound reverence for ladies, to whom no true gentleman should ever be wanting in deference or respect. The Earl of Oxford took great interest in the boy, and was anxious that when he came to man's estate he should prove himself worthy of his expectations, rank, and high descent.

In those days, not only the damoiseaux of high degree served in the court of the Earl, but damoiselles also were placed there under the care of the Earl's fair wife and her ladies. Amongst the latter had been a daughter of the Earl of Oxford's sister, Roesia de Vere, then wife of Payne Beauchamp, Earl of Bedford. The child's name was Joanna, a beautiful little creature, whom William had greatly admired.*

And so as he rode disconsolately and listlessly enough on his way from Loxley the smiling face and bright eyes of little Joanna came back to him, and he saw her in his fancy as plainly as he had seen her in reality so many years before. And his old love for the child also came back; and he fell a wondering, as he rode, whether she was alive; and what she would be like if he should ever see her again; and where she had been all through the horrible and troublous times of the Civil War. And as he thought his heart softened, and he often sighed, and there came into his frank bold eyes an expression of tenderness which was quite womanly, and strange, seeing that all through the years which had come and gone since he left Oxford he had scarcely given her a thought. "Perhaps," said he to himself, "she is married." And then suddenly he shook the rein and pricked his war-horse into a gallop, and so went his way with sturdy followers all clashing and clattering at his heels.

Weary and long was the waiting for William on the hill-sides of forest-cradled Loxley, where soon after his departure, when Stephen had regained his throne, they had a new lord who restored and strengthened the castle, and filled it with fierce soldiers from across the sea. William's tenants and labourers served their new masters perforce, sullenly and reluctantly, and although they were regarded in return with hate and scorn, yet those who spurned and trod upon them failed not to keep anxious watch and ward lest by fire or fraud they might be surprised and cruelly put to death, as others had been in like way. For the people of Loxley could not disguise their loathing of such tyrants, and, moreover, they never ceased to talk of the justness and goodness of their late good Lord William, of how he was not too proud to speak their homely old Saxon tongue, and how in the summer evenings he, instead of forbidding, would encourage, and preside over, their athletic exercises, sports, and games, awarding prizes, and freely giving largesse, and how when he claimed just dues he did so not greedily but mercifully, and would excuse the very poor, to whom he was always bountiful. But above all, they delighted in gleefully telling how their lord, great and rich and powerful as he was, knew each man by his name, and remembered even the names of the women folk and children. It was little wonder, then, that these poor slaves—for such they were—should long and pray for their dear lord's return with a yearning too intense to be understood by those who, living in happier days when every man is his own master and the law his sure protector, have never known the powerfully contrasting this and that out of which their feelings naturally sprang.

"If ever peaceful times should bring him back, oh! Holy Saints in Heaven," said they, "what a welcome we will give him!" But, alas! peaceful times were then, scarcely to be hoped for.

When Stephen besieged Oxford, and Maud the Empress was within its strong although very ancient walls, encircled by their broad belt of protecting water, the son of Eude fought amongst its defenders, and his men of Loxley being famous archers, encouraged and trained from their childhood to use the long-bow, did such noble service that the gracious Empress personally thanked them, and the great Earl himself gave them warm praise and brave largesse for their skill and valour.

When Stephen, weak in counsel, but strong and brave in war, reckless of the heavy scale armour worn by his steed and the weight of his complete suit of chain mail, plunged into the water found it fordable, and with his own heavy battle-axe cut a way for his men through the great gates of the city, William Fitz Eude was the first to recover from the confusion, and give the king and his valiant followers a timely check. It was thus he

* Sir Guy de Beauchamp, who afterwards became Earl of Warwick and built the tower still bearing his name, was of the same family, which may account for the confusion which arose long afterwards with those who sang of her son, Robert Eude, then known as Robin Hood:—

"His mother was niece to the Coventry knight,
Which Warwickshire men call Sir Guy;
For he slew the blue bore that hangs up at the gate,
Or mine host of the Bull tells a lie."

Similar mistakes have been made in modern times by far greater men than mine host of the Bull, having much greater knowledge, learning, and means of investigation.

ensured the safety of the Empress, who was just then wringing her white hands with terror and anguish, and vowing to the Holy Virgin that if she escaped this danger a nobly endowed and beautiful abbey should be erected and devoted in grateful reverence to the Holy Mother's worship. It was in consequence of this vow that the famous Abbey of Cherbourg, Notre Dame du Vœu, arose.

Ah! how miserably she who had worn the diadem of the Caesars crept forth from that secret postern in Oxford Castle. Divested of her richly-embroidered robes and mantle, clad in nothing but her thin white under-garments, she stole away by night over the frozen water beneath the lofty keep into the mist and darkness and heavily-falling snow, shivering with cold and terror, almost alone, her white face and wild eyes turning fearfully, now this way, now that, watching for foes who thirsted eagerly for her blood. And in the deepest shadows thrown by the walls, unseen, silent, motionless as statues, each man with a cloth-yard shaft in his bent yew bow, stood the bold Lord of Loxley and his mighty archers, every ear listening intently for sounds which might be to each a messenger of death, lips compressed, hands ready, every straining eye fixed on those cautiously-moving, ghastly, and ghost-like figures. From loop-hole and rampart strong hands as ready and eyes as watchful and as anxious looked down, striving in vain to pierce the gloom which shrouded the fugitive Empress alike from friend and foe.

All know the story of that memorable flight, its wretchedness, its suffering, and how Maud arrived, worn out with fatigue and excitement, at Wallingford, where fresh forces had assembled, and where not long after she welcomed with such a wild outburst of almost delirious joy the arrival of her faithful and generous brother, the Earl of Gloucester, from Normandy, with her eldest son, whom she had not seen for four long years, and had often thought she would never see again.

Roesia, the lady of Payan de Beauchamp, Earl of Bedford, he having bravely fought and suffered in the cause of Maud, was at this time a widow, living with her brother, the Earl of Oxford, with whom she had resided at frequent intervals ever since the year eleven hundred and thirty-eight, when Stephen, after a long and bloody siege, took her lord's great castle at Bedford. She was a daughter of Alberic de Vere, the first Earl of Oxford, and had been twice married. Her first husband was Gilbert de Magnaville, Earl of Essex, he who—as we have already said—fell with Ralph, sire-named Eude, in the great fight at Coventry. She was a dame of wide repute, beloved for her piety and charity, the founder of that magnificent nunnery at Chicksand, in Bedfordshire, which supported no less than fifty-five canons and a hundred and twenty nuns, and which so moved the envy of the spiteful monks of Walden that they gave her deadly offence. With her second husband she had also founded a great priory at Newenham, which was almost as famous. Her eldest son, Geoffrey, was then Earl of Essex, and in high favour with the King, and it was mainly through his intercession that William of Loxley recovered his Warwickshire Manor without paying that enormous "fine" which Henry would fain have exacted, and which William was then unable to pay. The Lady Roesia, being aged and feeble in health, on the accession of King Henry retired to her Priory at Chicksand, there to pass the remainder of her days in preparation for the last great change, leaving Joanna, her youngest daughter by Payne de Beauchamp, with her second son, at her Manor of Newsels, now known as Royston, in Cambridgeshire, where stood a cross called for centuries after "the cross of Lady Roesia."

It was while employed by the Earl to escort his aged relative, the Countess, Roesia de Beauchamp, in safety from Oxford to Newsels, that William Eude once more met that pretty child—no longer a child—of whom he had thought so intently while riding from his ruined home and desolated lands at Loxley. She had grown stately and tall, and was very learned, and her childhood's promise of womanly beauty had been more than realised. Moreover, she was maiden still, for during the horrible warfare which had raged so furiously all over the land, there had been little time, and less inclination, to think of giving and taking in marriage.

William was at Newsels three short weeks, but they were the happiest three weeks of the poor lord's life. Joanna remembered him perfectly well, and was delighted to meet him. They were a little shy at first and reserved, he with awe of her overpowering loveliness, she with a modest timidity natural to her sex. Her brother was at Court in London; her aged mother needed rest and quiet after the long and tedious journey. Chance (?) often brought William and Joanna together when there were none to pry or listen. They talked much together concerning the old times when they were boy and girl in the good Earl's court at Oxford. Things merry spoke they of, and things sad; of many brave men slain in battle, and many noble women heartbroken; of true lovers separated never to meet again; of castles razed to the earth where both had spent many happy and cheerful hours; of bold, brave deeds and heroic adventures, in which Joanna reminded him that he had played a knightly part with no small fame; for of his own warlike doings William cared not to speak. The Lord of Loxley felt shame to learn that while he had forgotten her, or only thought of her now and then in vague and indolent wonderings, she had never forgotten him, but had carefully inquired and traced his career out through all its changes and disasters, sorrowing with his losses, rejoicing in his gains, proud of his honours, exulting in his heroism.

And one quiet, cloudless evening, when the purple shadows were creeping down the hill-sides over the old graves of long-forgotten warriors who fought, perchance, with Arthur the King, and while the quiet stars came forth one by one in the vast solemn sky, in her low sweet voice, and with downcast eyes, she tremblingly confessed how she had always looked forward to this great joy of again meeting him, and was more happy by his side than she had ever been before. She spoke so low that in listening his bowed head almost touched her own, and with a thrill of inexpressible delight he raised her little white hand and passionately pressed it to his lips.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE RAN NOT SMOOTHLY.

And many a singe o' grass, o' grass,
And many a singe o' corn,
And many a singe o' Robin Hood,
Hens little where he was born,
It was na' in the ha', the ha',
Nor in the painted bower;
But it was in the gude green wood
Among the lilly flower.

—Old Ballad.

THE cruel greed of the Anglo-Norman rulers spared neither rank nor sex. On every possible pretence they extorted money. The right of wardship resulted in selling heirs and land to the highest bidder, and tenants-in-chief bought from the King even the right to wed those fair ladies whose hearts they had won, or paid heavy fines to escape marrying those whom the King had selected for them, but for whom they had no love. Fair dames gave up large portions of their property or estates merely for permission to remain unmarried, and to wed without the King's permission was to risk a man's life, as about this time that goodly youth of high birth, Gilbert Plumpton, of Yorkshire, knew, when he was condemned to the gallows-tree by King Henry's justiciar, Ranulph de Glanville, for marrying, without royal consent, the wealthy daughter of Roger de Millevast.

The parting of Joanna and William was one of tragic sadness. The poor gentleman who then served for meat and fee was no match for a Royal ward and an Earl's daughter. She had secretly stolen from her bower that they might pass the last night of his stay at Newsels together and alone. It is not for us to guess at all these poor, loving, desperate souls said and did and planned to do, up there in the darkness which shrouded the eastern tower. When the cruel dawning broke through the sky they were still as hopeless, and light came as morning comes to those who are to die. They rose in anguish to take a last embrace, a long, last, clinging kiss, and then she stole away, and William stood a wretched man, self-condemned, thinking of her inflamed and swollen eyes and her white face, picturing a nameless horror which might blast future fame and happiness, until with his heart swollen to bursting and his brain bewildered, more than once a mad impulse prompted him to plunge headlong from the tower. And when he departed he looked no man in the face, but gave his largesse in gloomy silence, mounting his horse and riding away slowly, more like a felon on his road to an ignominious end than the bold, hearty, frank-speaking soldier who three weeks before had pricked his steed so gallantly over the drawbridge of Newsels Castle, delighting every observer with his erect and manly bearing.

The return of William Eude to his lordship of Loxley was the signal for great rejoicings, in which none were too old, none too young, none too poor or miserable, to take part. The aged crept forth on their crutches to welcome him; the young, who had only heard his name, were as gleeful as those who had served him in the days of his prosperity, but their lord was a changed man. Gentle and kind as ever, but full of sorrow and strangely quiet, coming and going amongst them listless and desponding, utterly unlike his old active, energetic self. But in one way he was feverishly restless and busy. To strengthen his castle and add to its defences, store it as if for a siege, train his men-at-arms and archers to the highest point of discipline and skill, pick out for his service from men far and near, the exceptionally strong, resolute, and brave, no matter who they were or where they came from—these were tasks in which he engaged with an interest almost fierce in its intensity.

One night there came to him a secret messenger, the bearer of a letter from his lady-love, who was with her friends in Oxford. There is an old ballad which tells with simple eloquence its piteously shameful story:—

O narrow is my gown, Willie,
That wont to be sea wide,
And gone is a' my fair colour
That wont to be my pride.

But ye'le come to my bower, Willie,
Just as the sun goes down,
And keep me in your arms twa
And latna me fa' down.

Three days after receiving that letter the Lord of Loxley rode away alone, telling no man where he was going, nor how long it would be ere he returned. He had a long interview with the priest before he left, and the little chapel in the hollow at the foot of the hill was prepared as if for a wedding. Those of his household he left busy fitting up a bower in which his sisters had slept, with strict injunctions to omit nothing that might give a sick lady ease or comfort or pleasure. His tenants heard of his passing through Warwick, and of his being seen riding into a wood near the city of Oxford, out of which no man ever saw him emerge. Joanna, had she dared, could have concluded the story, which the old ballad aforesaid thus takes up:—

O when the sun was nere gone down
He's doon him till her bower,
And there by the lee licht o' the moon,
Her window she lookit o'er.

Intil a robe o' red scarlet,
She lap, fearless o' harm,
And Willie was large o' lith and limb
And keepit her in his arm.

And they've gane to the gude green wood
And ere the night was deen

the good steed which had brought one to Oxford rapidly carried back two to Loxley. And in the chapel windows, down there in the hollow, mysterious lights were that night seen, and ere the morning William had gone to a sylvan hiding-place erected by his own hands in the innermost depths of the Forest of Arden, where never a human foot but that of himself and Joanna had trodden before. The people of Loxley had now not only a lord, but a lady, although they knew it not, and they were just as ignorant when their lord, five months after, held in his strong arms, a baby boy, to whom he gave the name of Robert.

(To be continued.—Commenced in No. 276.)

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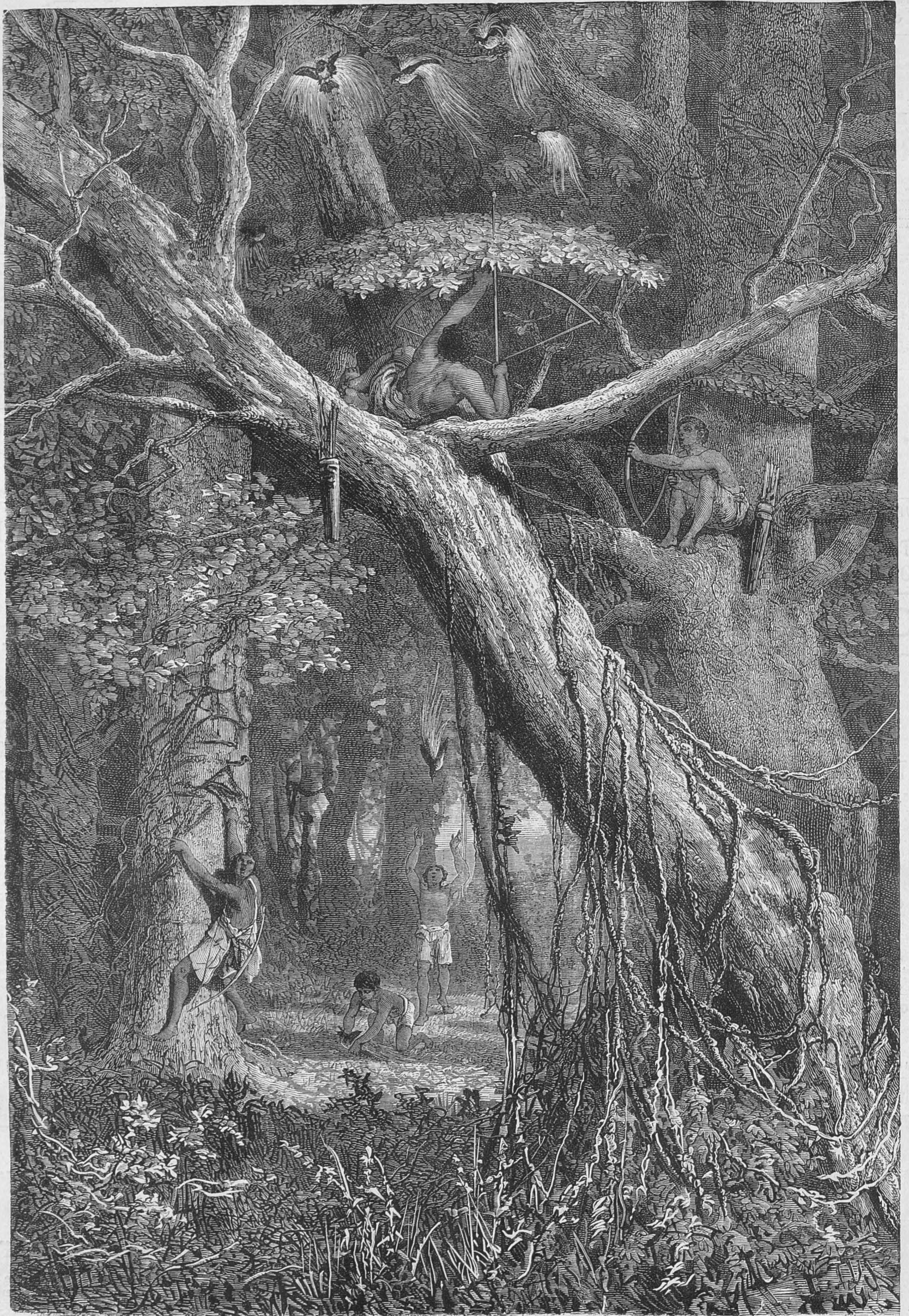
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